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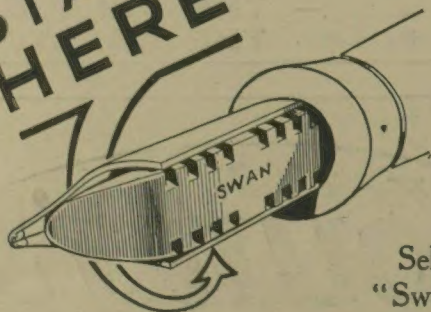
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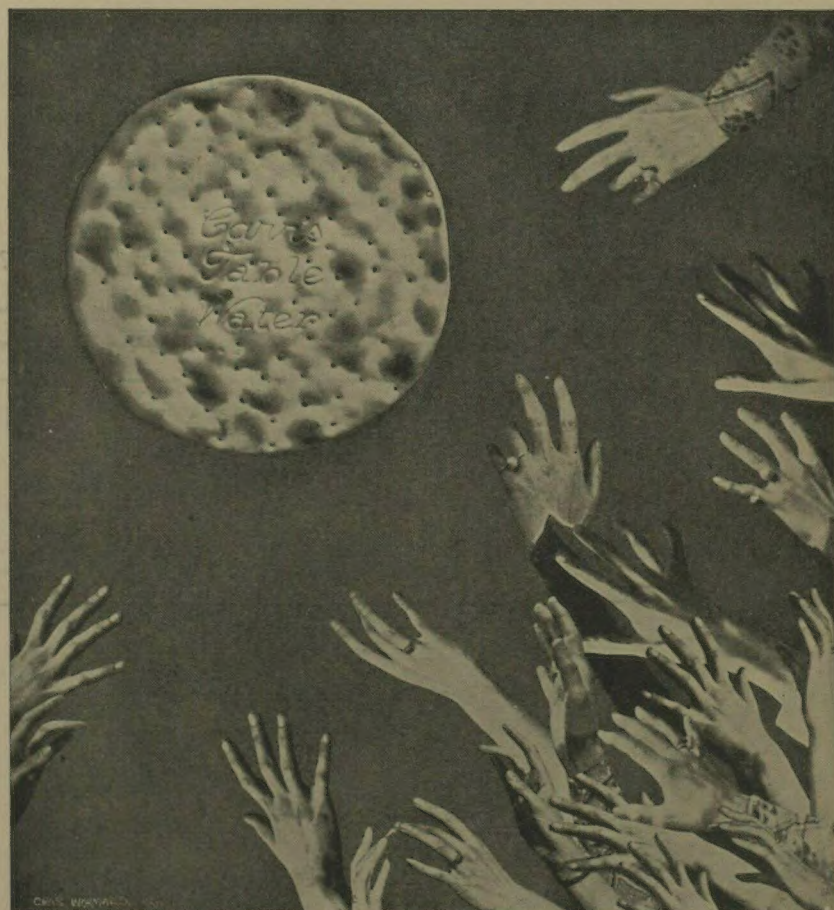
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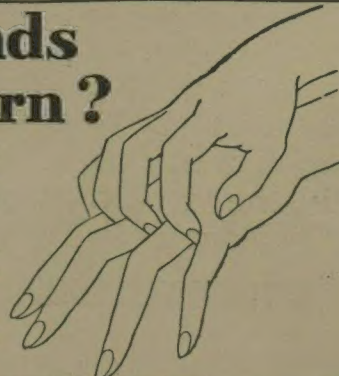
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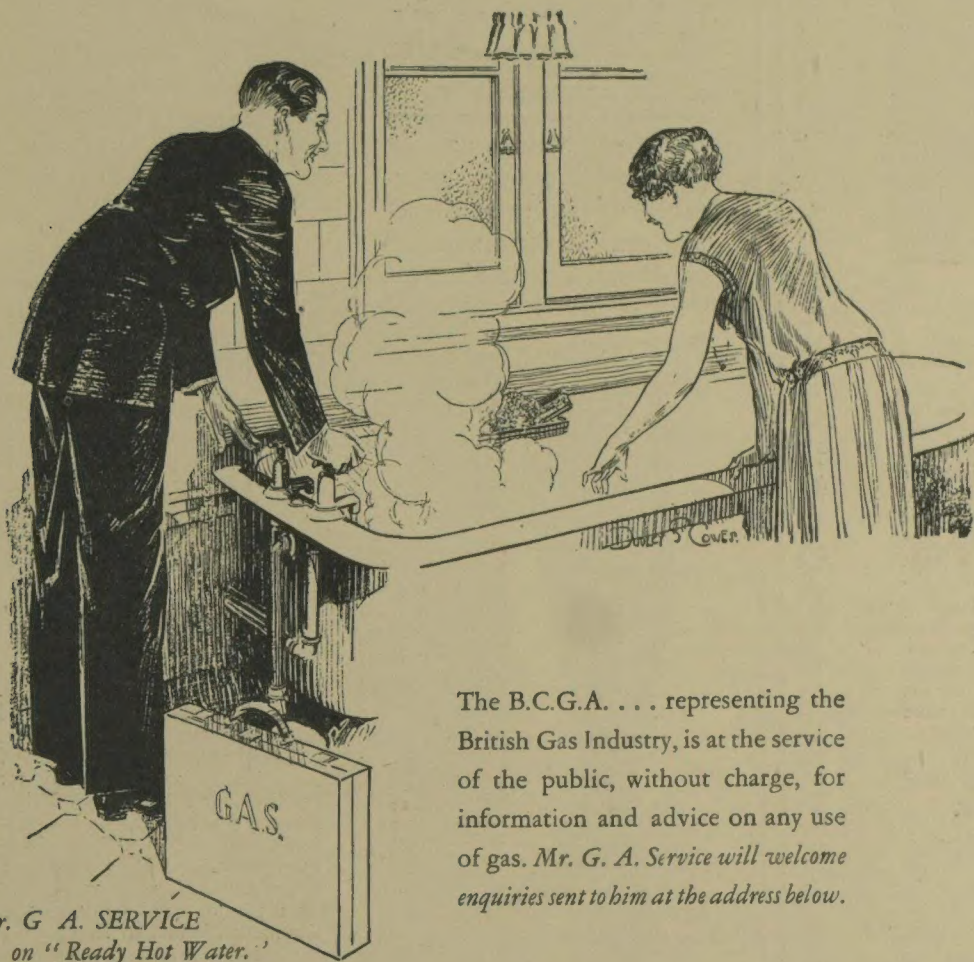
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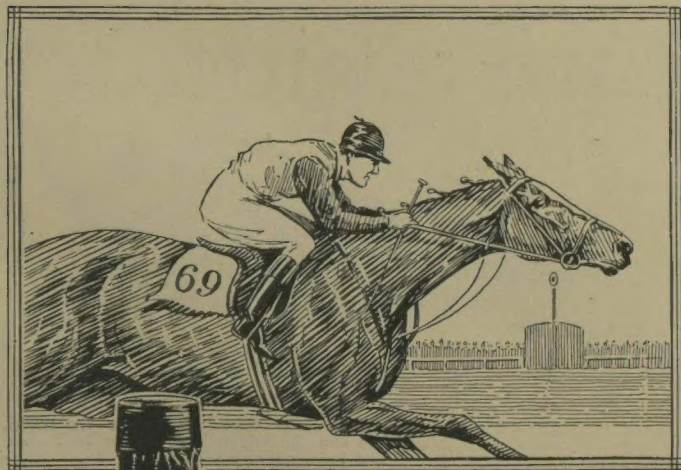
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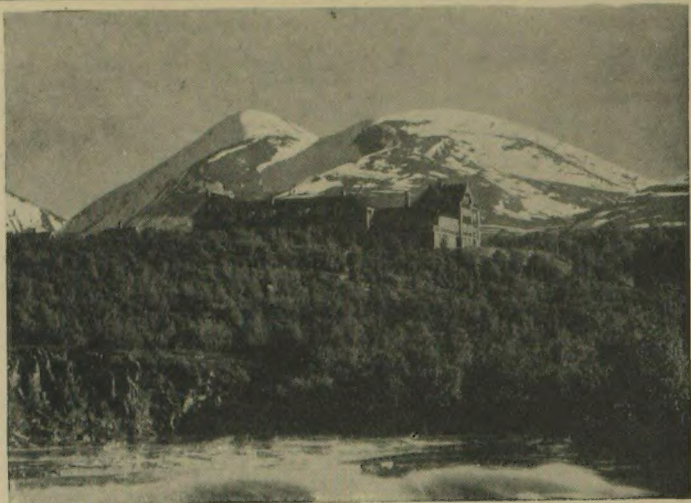
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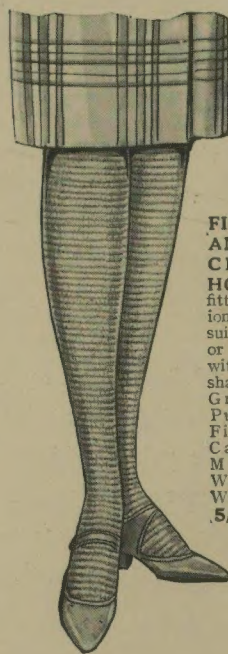
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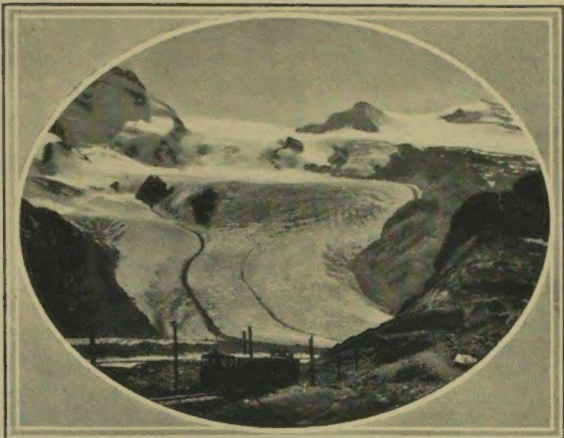
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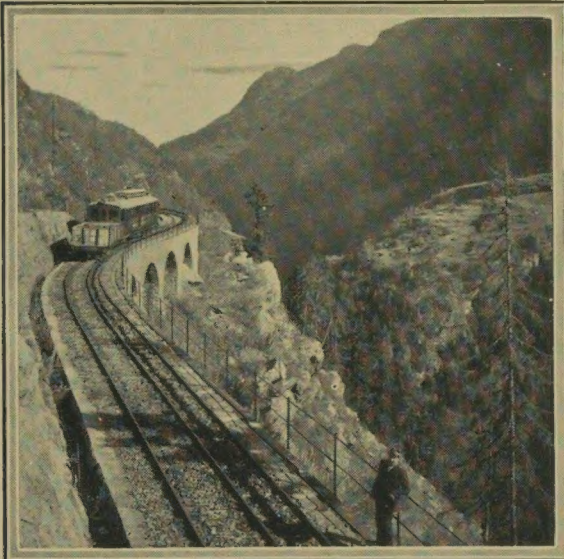
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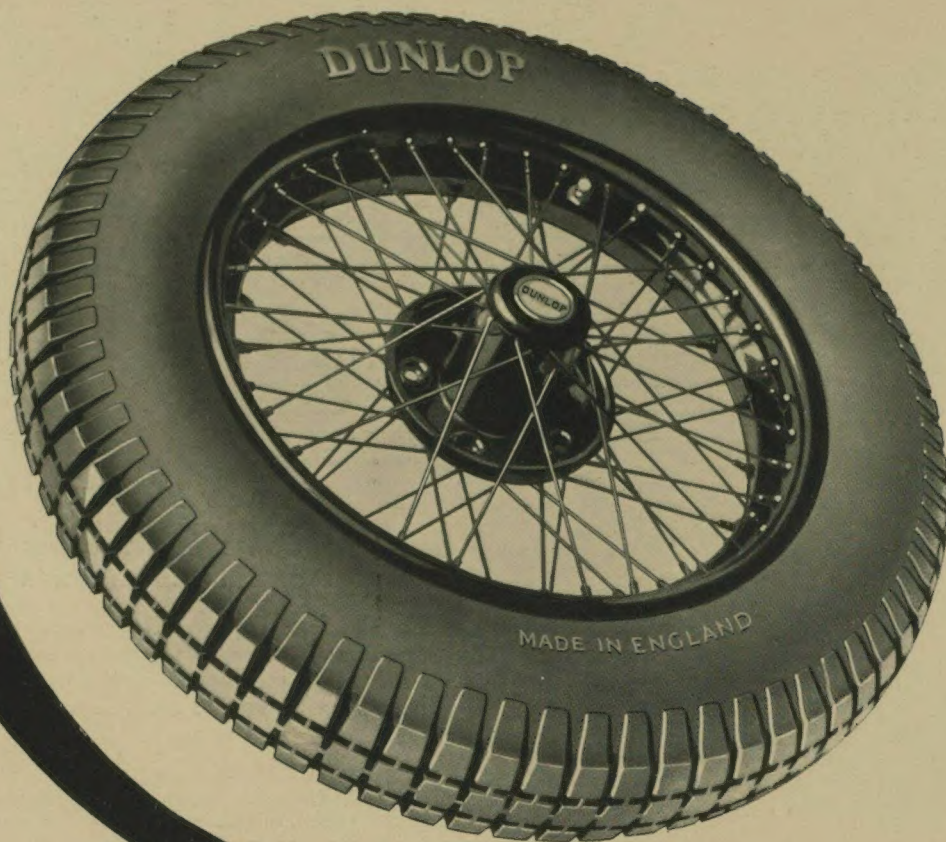
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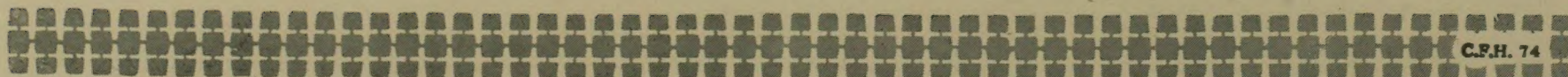


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SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1928.

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ITALY'S "STRONG MAN": SIGNOR MUSSOLINI—IL DUCE.

Signor Mussolini's qualities of resolute leadership, which have given him a personal ascendancy in Italy, even among many who do not wholly accept the doctrines of Fascism, were again called into action by the crisis that arose through the recent anti-Italian riots in Yugo-Slavia over the question of the Nettuno Con-

ventions. During the riots cries of "Down with Mussolini" were common, and at Spalato a portrait of him was publicly burnt. Happily, however, it was stated on June 4 that the Yugo-Slav reply to the Italian Note of protest had given general satisfaction, and that the episode was regarded as closed.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ETTORE DI GIORGIO.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE sometimes appeared upon this page in the character of a collector—a collector of catchwords. I try to pin them down as they flutter past, as the collector pins butterflies, though they be but the children of a day. But indeed I do not think they are butterflies that merely flutter, but rather moths that corrupt and, like rust, destroy the treasure of this world. But I would catch a catchword as humanely as possible, especially when I see it flitting from flower to flower in the garden of good literature. Miss Rose Macaulay had a very fine collection of these little creatures, doubtless much more complete and scientifically arranged than my own. But whereas she has rather tended to pin merely the butterflies of sentiment (such as any unnecessary allusion to "women and children"), I have always been struck with the fact that it is specially the moths of modernism that are, if one may use the phrase, so very moth-eaten. I mean that the stale terms and stock phrases are now very specially used by people who consider themselves enlightened and even advanced.

I was reminded of one of them while reading "The Open Conspiracy" of Mr. H. G. Wells, especially the earlier chapters. I do not mean that his essay consists of these *clichés*; on the contrary, it contains several truths very much needed just now, and expressed with that aptness and clarity of which Mr. Wells has almost alone the secret. Nothing could be better, for instance, than the figure of speech about the climbing plant. He says that the specially devoted or religious persons help the weak aspiration of the world as a whole, very much as a trellis can help a creeper. That is vividly true; and the truth goes further than Mr. Wells perhaps intended. Anyhow, those who are always abusing organised religion may well ask if there is not something to be said for ordered trellises. And the whole mistake of most of the semi-religious and semi-sceptical sentiment of to-day is that it looks for liberty or luxuriance in the lines of the trellis, instead of in the lines of the plant.

But amid all these felicities, the writer let fall a phrase, possibly by chance, that brought back to me all the swarming memories of its mere multiplication and misuse. He said that we need a new statement of religion; and I remembered the hundreds and thousands of times I have heard the murmur of the emancipated, repeating again and again that we need "a restatement of religious truth." Now "restatement," not in itself, but as they use it, is a catchword. I do not so much complain of what they say; but I do complain that they do not mean what they say—that they do, in fact, mean the very opposite of what they say. To restate a thing is to state it over again; possibly to state the thing in other words, but to state the same thing. It is nonsense to say that the statement, "The dog is mad," is restated in the amended form, "The cow is dead"; and it is equally absurd

that the news that the devil is dead should be called a restatement of the tradition that the devil is dangerous. In truth, as I have said, these people really mean the very reverse of what they say. They do not mean that we are to take the same idea and restate it in new words. On the contrary, they mean that we are to use the old words and attach to them a new idea.

It would be easy to take a perfectly simple and indisputable example of such a phrase, which is by this time an antiquated phrase. It might make things a little clearer, for children or foreigners, if we did not speak of the Holy Ghost, but only of the Holy Spirit. The word "ghost" is antiquated in that meaning; and, what is worse, it is still alive and kicking in another and more grotesque meaning. There may possibly have been babies for whom the old phrase had some association with spectres in

they want to put a new notion in old terms. They will not let go of the old terms; they cling convulsively to every letter and syllable of the old terms. Even when they talk about restating something they call Religion they are clinging to a very old term.

Now these people's philosophical or cosmological views are their own affair; nor is this the proper place to debate them. But it would make the discussion even of lighter matters rather less difficult if we were more sure of how far they were ready to stretch old terms to cover new things. I admit that the process has gone on for some time, in this country, even in matters of ordinary law and politics. A future historian will be very much puzzled if he finds fragmentary allusions to what we call "The Crown" in phrases like "the law officers of the Crown"—especially if the only other relics of the notion consist of a

real circle of solid metal like the Iron Crown of Lombardy, and perhaps one copy of the speech of Demosthenes *De Corona*. In these constitutional cases also men may have claimed to make a restatement when they really made a revolution. A man may have claimed to be restating the monarchy of Henry VIII. when he cut off the head of Charles I. Somebody may have said he was restating the Scottish Parliament by letting it be swallowed up by an English Parliament; or that he had made a large and lucid restatement of Temple Bar by pulling it down.

But all these legal fictions have not made English history easier to understand, even at present; and they will make it almost impenetrable for posterity. And I confess that I gravely regret the introduction of this misleading method into abstract questions that should be as clear as mathematics. Concrete human customs, complicated social institutions, do no doubt take a colour from circumstances and change more or less with time, as old houses become weather-stained apart from any fresh coat of paint. But ideas, as such, ought to remain in that state of detachment in which we can detect their fallacy or contradiction. And it will be well to warn the phrase-makers, even in advance, that they cannot restate the immortality of the soul by saying that the soul is not immortal, or pretend that an impersonal god is a restatement of a personal one.

I dislike all this sort of thing because it is a kind of dope. Its object is to produce unconsciousness, though I admit that the dopers are often quite as unconscious as the doped. But the idea is that men should lose their old notions while retaining their old names; that they should lose them and not know what they had lost. The man of science proposes to extract old truths like old teeth, by a new and painless dentistry. All this religious language is a sort of anæsthetic. My old teeth, or old truths, are still quite solid, thank you. But, if I must have them out, I will do without the Gas.



ROYAL INTEREST IN LONDON'S 20,000 "SPECIALS"—WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED THE "FIRST LINE OF SUPPORT" FOR THE METROPOLITAN POLICE: THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING MEDALS TO WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP FOR THE BARCLAY WALKER CUP.

The public does not perhaps realise that the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Reserve now numbers over 20,000 men, who continue to train, by drills, lectures, and ambulance work, to help the Police in any national emergency (such as the General Strike) or to line routes at royal processions and other crowded occasions. Nearly 9000 "Specials" attended the annual parade in Hyde Park on June 3, when the Prince of Wales (in undress uniform as Colonel of the Welsh Guards) took the salute at the march-past, after presenting the Barclay Walker Cup to the winners of the inter-divisional drill competition—B (Chelsea) Division, for the third successive year—and medals to the winners and runners-up—the Y (Highgate) Division. Besides the local divisions, the force includes the Headquarters Central Division (the A, A section), and Divisions formed by the Post Office, large business houses, and hospital students. The "Specials," who did invaluable service during the war, were founded in 1914 by Sir Edward Ward. He attended the parade, and among those present were the Home Secretary, the Lord Mayor, and the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police (Sir William Horwood).

white sheets; and the highly enlightened modern inquirer often has to be treated as tenderly as if he were a baby. Anyhow, to say Spirit instead of Ghost would not be a modification or a modernisation or a compromise or a surrender. It would be strictly and exactly a restatement. That is, it would be stating the same thing over again, only in a living language instead of a dead one. But those who clamour for the restatement of traditional truths commonly mean quite the contrary. They do not mean that we should cease to speak of the Holy Ghost because it only means the Holy Spirit; they mean that we should *continue* to speak of the Holy Ghost, only that we should make it mean the League of Nations, or the theory of Evolution, or the cause of vegetarianism, or whatever we please. Restatement means putting an old notion in new terms. But they mean that

THE FLYING PRINCE'S FARM: WHAT HE WOULD SEE FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD.



HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES MIGHT SEE HIS FARM IN THE MIDLANDS NOW THAT HE HAS TAKEN TO TRAVELLING BY AEROPLANE: AN AIR VIEW OF GROVE FARM, LENTON-ON-TRENT, HIS STOCK-BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

ANOTHER AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE'S FARM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE, SHOWING THE RIVER TRENT ON THE LEFT: AN UNCOMMON VIEW OF GROVE FARM, LENTON, WHERE HE IS REVIVING THE FAMOUS BREED OF SHORTHORN CATTLE.



THE PRINCE IN FLYING KIT, WITH PARACHUTE ATTACHED, ENTERING A BRISTOL FIGHTER TO RETURN FROM NORWICH.

The Prince of Wales recently arranged that one of the Bristol Fighters at the R.A.F. dépôt at Northolt, Middlesex, should be available for his use when visiting a locality possessing an aerodrome, on occasions when air-travel would be convenient. It was stated at the time that he was not taking instruction as a pilot himself. After his visit to Norwich the other day, he embarked in a Bristol Fighter at Mousehold Aerodrome, and returned in it to Northolt. His flying kit included a parachute. The fact that the Prince has thus taken to aviation lends an appropriate interest to these air views of his farm in Nottinghamshire. They show what he would see if he were to fly over it. We may recall that he acquired Grove Farm, Lenton-on-Trent, a little over a year ago, in order to possess a stake in country over which he had often hunted, and to develop its famous stock-breeding traditions, especially with shorthorn cattle. Some of his stock from Marsh Farm, on the Duchy of Cornwall estate, was transferred to Lenton. The Midlands farm is, in fact, an extension of the Duchy estate. When dining with a large gathering of farmers at Nottingham a few weeks ago, the Prince said that he spent the happiest days of his life in the Midland counties.

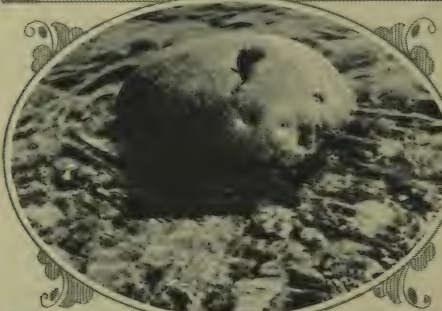
THE GOAL OF A NEW SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION: THE BARRIER REEF AND ITS CORAL.



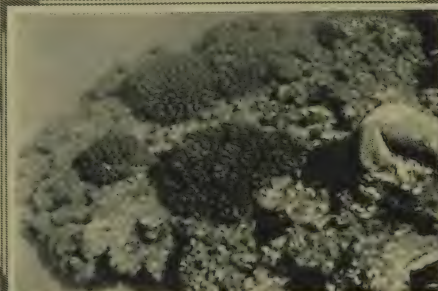
WHERE THE BEACH IS FORMED OF DEAD CORAL INSTEAD OF SAND: ONE OF THE ISLANDS NEAR THE GREAT BARRIER REEF, WITH THICK WOODS IN WHICH PIGEONS ABOUND.



PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH FIVE FEET OF WATER—AN INDICATION OF ITS CRYSTALLINE CLEARNESS: A BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER OF CORAL OF A PALE SALMON COLOUR.



CALLED "BRAIN" CORAL FROM ITS BRAIN-LIKE CELLS: A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN MEASURING ABOUT 6 FT. IN CIRCUMFERENCE AND RESEMBLING A HUGE POTATO.



"AS THE BOAT DRIFTS BY, THE VISION IS FASCINATED BY THE WONDERFUL SHAPES AND COLOURS" IN THE WATER BELOW: A SUBMARINE LANDSCAPE OF CORAL.



WITH "MANY-POINTED 'ANTLERS'": A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF "STAG" CORAL, WITH OTHER VARIETIES, ON THE SEA FLOOR NEAR THE GREAT BARRIER REEF.



"COMPARABLE TO AN EXQUISITE GARDEN": A SUBMARINE CORAL LANDSCAPE, DIVERSED BY VARIOUS SHAPES, PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE TRANSLUCENT WATER.



THE INFINITE VARIETY OF CORAL GROWTHS: FLOWER-LIKE AND SPONGE-LIKE FORMS—SPECIMENS WHITENED BY WASHING, NECESSARY BECAUSE CORAL LOSES ITS COLOUR OUT OF WATER AND HAS AN OBNOXIOUS SMELL.



THE "STAG" VARIETY OF CORAL, OF A PALE GREEN COLOUR, AMID OTHER FORMS: A REMARKABLY BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH WATER ABOUT SIX FEET DEEP.



"THROUGH THESE CORAL GROVES SWIM FISH OF QUIANT FORM AND AS BRIGHTLY COLOURED AS BUTTERFLIES": TYPICAL SUBMARINE LIFE ON THE BARRIER REEF.



CLEANSING CORAL SPECIMENS WITH A HOSE AFTER BOILING THEM IN WASHING-SODA AND WATER: A NECESSARY PROCESS WHEN CORAL IS REMOVED FROM THE WATER, AS NOTED UNDER THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



FISH LIFE IN THE WATERS AROUND THE GREAT BARRIER REEF OF AUSTRALIA: A RARE SPECIMEN, WEIGHING OVER 15 LB., SHOWING THE CURIOUS DORSAL FIN.



A TERROR TO WADERS AND DIVERS: A GIANTIC CLAM—A SHELL-FISH THAT LIES OPEN, LOOKING LIKE PART OF THE REEF, BUT CLOSES LIKE A VICE ON A FOOT PLACED ON THE JELLY-LIKE MASS INSIDE.

An important scientific expedition for biological research on the Great Barrier Reef of Australia—the greatest coral reef in the world—left Tilbury in the liner "Ormonde" on May 26, and is expected to reach Brisbane on July 9. The party will then travel 900 miles overland northward to Cairns, a Queensland seaport, and thence proceed to the Low Islands, lying some twenty-five miles off the coast. There they will live for fourteen months on an island inhabited only by three lighthouse-keepers, and travel about in motor-boats studying animal and marine life. The expedition has been promoted by the British Association, in conjunction with the Empire Marketing Board, the Commonwealth Government, and various scientific societies, British and Australian. The leader is Dr. C. M. Yonge, formerly at the Plymouth Marine Biological Laboratory, and his wife is medical officer. The other members, three of whom are women, include experts in zoology, botany, chemistry, geography, and land survey. "The formation of coral reefs," said Dr. Yonge, "and the feeding habits

animals will be the chief subjects of research. We shall also investigate the fisheries and the commercial possibilities of the pearl, oyster, turtle, tortoise, abalone shell, and *Stethode-mer*." In a pamphlet on the Barrier Reef published by the Queensland Government, we read: "That portion of the beach of a coral island which is exposed by ordinary tides is paved with a litter of dead and broken fragments of coral. The living reef is only uncovered by an extremely low tide. It presents a beautiful spectacle comparable to an exquisite garden. . . . Through these coral groves swim fish of quaint form and as brightly coloured as butterflies. . . . Great clams with jaws a yard across gape for the unwary." A note on the top right-hand photograph says: "As soon as it leaves the water, the colour and beauty of coral are lost, while, if kept for long, it gives off a very obnoxious smell. So it has to be treated. This is done by leaving it for an hour in washing-soda and water. After that it is washed by turning a hose on it at full strength. It then becomes beautifully white."

**"ONE OF THE RICHEST
FINDS OF MYCENÆAN
BRONZES EVER MADE IN
GREECE";**

**AND A BLOOD-STAINED ALTAR
IN A 3000-YEAR-OLD CENOTAPH.**

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR A. PERSSON,
DIRECTOR OF THE SWEDISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION
IN GREECE.

THESE photographs illustrate a great discovery made at Dendra, a Greek village near the Mycenæan citadel of Midea, by the Swedish archaeological expedition under Professor A. Persson, as described by Mr. A. J. B. Wace in his article on page 1038 of this number. The illustrations are numbered to correspond with Mr. Wace's references. All the objects shown on this page were found in a tomb which, as it contained no human remains (except a woman's skeleton under the doorway) is regarded as a cenotaph (empty tomb) constructed in honour of a king or warrior who had died abroad or at sea. It dates from

[Continued below.]



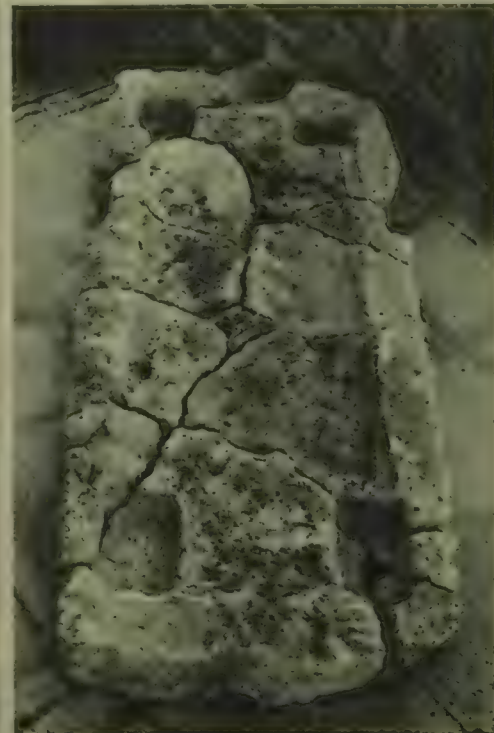
1a. "ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND ONE OF THE RICHEST FINDS OF BRONZES OF THE MYCENÆAN PERIOD EVER MADE IN GREECE": THE CONTENTS OF THE PIT (SHOWN IN 2a) FOUND IN THE CENOTAPH AT DENDRA, AFTER BEING EXCAVATED AND CLEANED.



2a. THE TREASURE PIT OF MYCENÆAN BRONZES (SHOWN IN 1a) AS IT APPEARED AFTER REMOVAL OF THE STONE SLABS (SEEN IN D ON PAGE 1038).



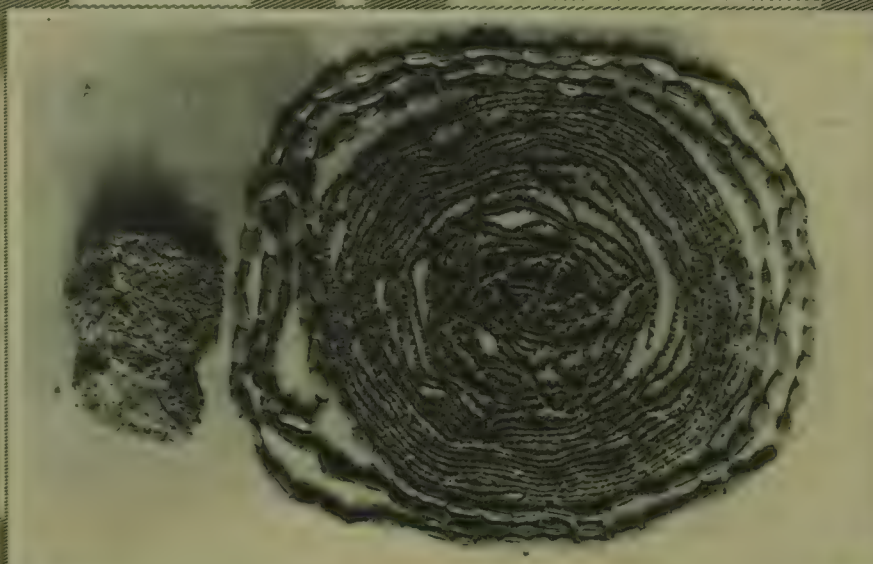
3a. SUGGESTING BY THEIR ROUGH HUMAN SHAPE THE LOST BODY: SLABS WITH HEAD-LIKE PROJECTIONS FROM THE DENDRA CENOTAPH, RECALLING TROJAN IDOLS.



4a. NOTCHED AT SIDES FOR BINDING THE VICTIM, WITH DEPRESSIONS FOR COLLECTING BLOOD: A TABLE OF SACRIFICE, PIECED TOGETHER FROM FRAGMENTS.



5a. A KNIFE UNIQUE IN GREECE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ITS WOODEN HANDLE; AND PART OF A BRONZE LAMP CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF A LARGE PIECE OF TEXTILE MATERIAL.



6a. A NEW FEATURE IN MYCENÆAN ART—PROBABLY THE REMAINS OF A BEADED GARMENT: GLASS BEADS (STRUNG TOGETHER AFTER EXCAVATION) AND A LUMP OF EARTH FULL OF BEADS AS FOUND IN SITU.

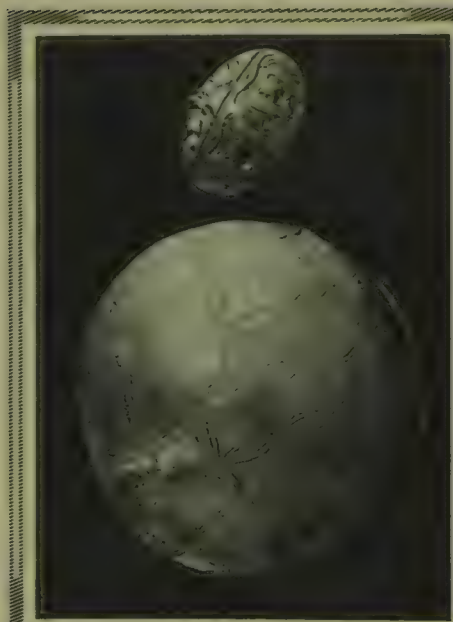
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about 1300 B.C. The chief treasure in it was a magnificent hoard of thirty-three bronze vessels and implements. Very interesting also are the objects pieced together from fifty fragments of stone. One (4a) is an altar, or table of sacrifice, with

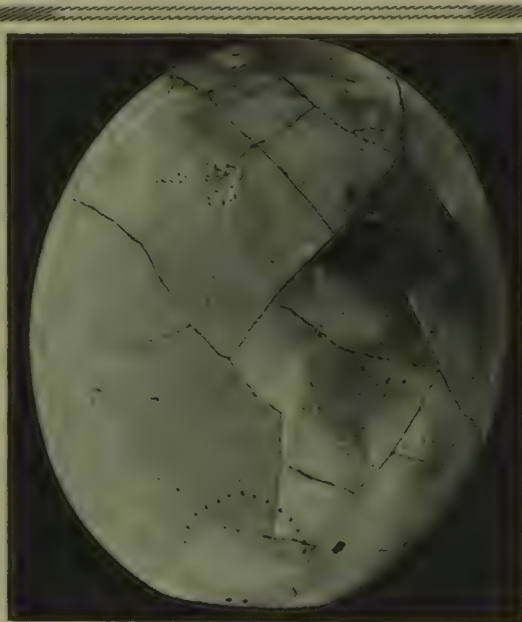
corner depressions (one containing a brown stain as of clotted blood) and side notches for binding the victim in position. Two others (3a), with head-like projections giving them a roughly human shape, represent the lost body.

GEMS OF PRE-HOMERIC ART: A RICH TREASURE FROM DENDRA.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR A. PERSSON, DIRECTOR OF THE SWEDISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN GREECE.



1b. A GOLD SWORD-POMMEL AND THE BEZEL OF THE KING'S GOLD SIGNET RING ENGRAVED WITH ANIMAL FIGURES.



2b. AN OSTRICH EGG, ONCE ORNAMENTED WITH GOLD, SILVER, AND FAIENCE: A TREASURE FROM THE ROYAL "BEEHIVE" TOMB AT DENDRA.



3b. "THE REFINEMENT OF THE WORK IS AMAZING": IMPRESSIONS FROM THE KING'S SEALS, FROM THE "BEEHIVE" TOMB AT DENDRA—LIONS ATTACKING BULLS.



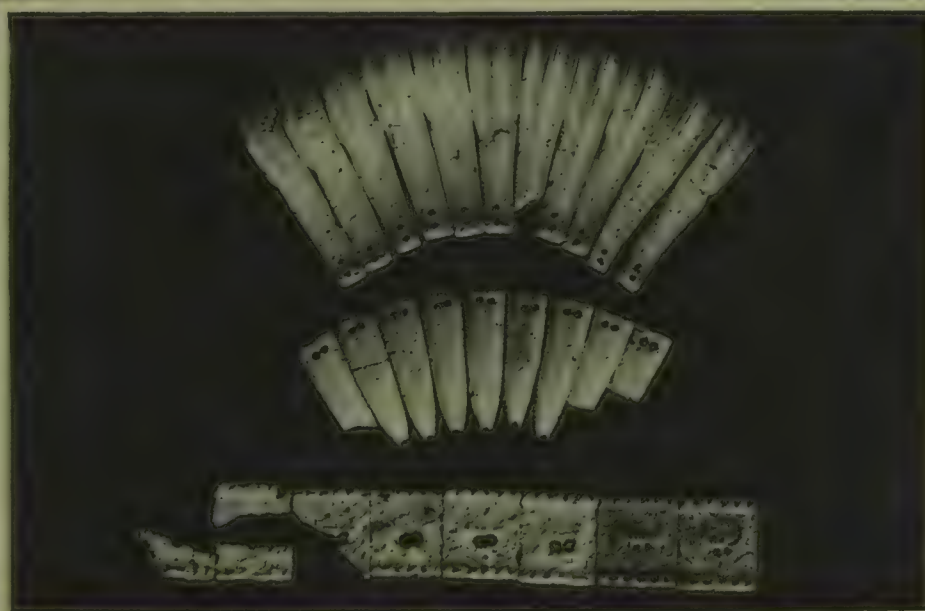
4b. FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP BY PRE-HOMERIC GOLDSMITHS: THE PRINCESS'S NECKLACE OF GOLD ROSETTES, FROM THE "BEEHIVE" TOMB.



5b. THE MINUTE FINISH OF PRE-HOMERIC GOLD-WORK FROM THE "BEE-HIVE" TOMB AT DENDRA: GOLD PLATES THAT COVERED THE HILTS AND POMMELS OF THE KING'S SWORDS, AND GOLD STUDS EDGED WITH FILIGREE-WORK IN WHICH EACH SMALL GRAIN WAS SOLDERED-ON SEPARATELY.



6b. THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE OF GOLD BEADS WITH AN IVY-LEAF DESIGN: ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE "BEEHIVE" TOMB AT DENDRA AFTER BEING CLEANED AND PUT TOGETHER.



7b. "SMALL DECORATIVE PIECES OF GLASS FOR NECKLACES AND BORDERS" FOUND IN THE ROYAL "BEEHIVE" TOMB AT DENDRA: REMARKABLE EXAMPLES OF DELICATE DESIGN AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN PRE-HOMERIC JEWELLERY.

In his article on page 1038, Mr. A. J. B. Wace describes the discoveries made in Greece by Professor Persson, head of the Swedish expedition. Professor Persson has just published in Swedish a popular account of the rich results of the excavations at Dendra, entitled "Kungagraven i Dendra" (Stockholm; Albert Bonnier) with many illustrations, some in colour. Mr. Wace's article, and a previous one in our issue of September 18, 1926, give a summary of the more important finds. The cenotaph and its contents are illustrated on page 1036. The above photographs (numbered according to references in the article) show treasures found previously in a royal "beehive" tomb. Of the beehive tomb, we read: "The princess, who wore

a fine necklace of gold rosettes (4b), was buried first. Later came the king and queen. By the king were his weapons, gold and silver bowls, and signets (3b); by the queen, who wore a necklace of gold beads with an ivy-leaf design (6b), were her treasures. Between them lay other objects, including an ostrich egg (2b). Specially noticeable are the gold plates which covered the hilts (5b) and pommels (1b) of the king's swords, and the gold studs (5b). On one of the king's gold rings with an oval-shaped bezel (1b) are two recumbent quadrupeds. Two royal signets (3b) show scenes with lions pulling down bulls. The spirit and refinement of the work are amazing. Other ornaments are decorative pieces of glass (7b)."

NEW LIGHT ON HOMERIC GREECE.

DENDRA TREASURES: EXQUISITE GOLD-WORK; A CENOTAPH WITH A UNIQUE HOARD OF BRONZES & A "TABLE OF SACRIFICE."

By A. J. B. WACE, from Material supplied by Professor Persson, Head of the Swedish Archaeological Expedition in Greece. (See Illustrations on Pages 1036 and 1037.)

THE Swedish archaeological expedition to Greece, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, has followed up the great success of 1926, when Professor Persson, in conjunction with Dr. Bertos, the Greek Inspector of Antiquities, opened an unplundered beehive tomb at Dendra. This village lies in the shadow of the citadel of Midea, the third after Mycenæ and Tiryns of the great prehistoric fortresses of Argolis, and the tombs found probably formed part of the cemeteries of Midea.

The first work of the season was devoted to cleaning and studying the rich finds from the beehive tomb, which brought out interesting details. The order of the burials and the ritual followed seems clear. The princess, who wore a necklace of gold rosettes (4b on page 1037), was buried first. Later came the king and queen, at opposite ends of a long grave with their feet turned towards one another. By the king were his weapons, his gold and silver bowls with his signets; by the queen, who wore a necklace of gold beads with an ivy leaf design (6b), her treasures. Between them lay other objects, including a fine lamp and an ostrich egg (2b) once ornamented with gold, silver, and faience.

At the king's feet lay some weapons in disorder, and other funeral offerings. It seems that, when the royal pair were interred with their more permanent possessions, the perishable objects were laid on a wooden frame placed over a small pit alongside. Fire was set

to this, and, as it died down, the relatives filed by, pouring, in the Homeric fashion, libations to quench the fire and throwing at the king's feet a choice dagger or some other valued object as a last offering.

Specially noticeable are the gold plates which covered the hilts (5b) and pommels (1b) of the king's

making a sill in the floor. They seemed to roof a grave-pit, and, in order to avoid too much excitement in the village, which had a lively recollection of the golden treasures of the year before, it was decided to lift the slabs during the midday siesta with the assistance of two trusted workmen only.

When the stones were turned over, the pit, nearly five feet long, three feet deep, and about one and a-half feet broad, showed a magnificent sight (2a on page 1036). It was almost filled with a splendid series of thirty-three bronze vessels and implements, all showing rich patination and lying just as they were placed many centuries ago. There are six jugs, seven bowls (one with wishbone handles like that of the queen's golden cup found the previous year) four tripods, five lamps, four mirrors, two knives, two razors, a spear-head, a sword, and a six-pronged fish-spear.

It is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and one of the richest finds of bronzes of the Mycenaean period that has ever been made in Greece (1a), and several are ornamented with finely incised patterns, floral, marine, and geometric. Remarkable, indeed unique in Greece, is the fact that the original wooden handles are still attached to the imple-

ments (4 and 5a). Though much shrivelled, and showing no sign of decoration, the wood swelled out when soaked with a special preservative solution, and carved relief stood out again as if by magic. A mirror-handle here illustrated (A) shows two female figures, one holding a mirror and the other a branch, a motive

(Continued on page 1072.)



A. A PARALLEL TO THE MIRROR (B) FROM CLYTEMNESTRA'S TOMB AT MYCENÆ: THE WOODEN HANDLE OF A MIRROR FROM THE DENDRA CENOTAPH, UNIQUE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE WOOD.

The handle of the mirror recently found at Dendra shows two female figures, one holding a mirror and the other a branch, a motive similar to that on a carved ivory mirror-handle from the Tomb of Clytemnestra at Mycenæ.

Fig. 1 Copyright by Professor A. Persson. Fig. 2 Reproduced by Permission of the Hellenic Society.



B. DECORATED WITH DESIGN SIMILAR IN MOTIVE TO THAT OF THE MIRROR (A) RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT DENDRA: THE IVORY HANDLE OF A BRONZE MIRROR FROM THE TOMB OF CLYTEMNESTRA AT MYCENÆ.

swords, and the gold studs (5b) edged with filigree-work in which each small grain was soldered on separately. On one of the king's gold rings, with an oval-shaped bezel (1b), are seen at the bottom two recumbent quadrupeds "affronted." On the line above them two horned animals stand on curious objects which appear to consist of a triple band of snakes. The exact interpretation is still uncertain, but it probably was of religious significance. Three of the royal signets found in the famous octopus gold cup which lay on the king's breast are of exceptional size, being over an inch and a-half in diameter. One shows two recumbent oxen and two scenes with lions pulling down bulls (3b). Some suggest that, since the lion was the badge of Mycenæ, and the bull that of Crete, there may be some allusion in the choice of subject. The spirit and refinement of the work are amazing. Other ornaments discovered are small decorative pieces of glass for the purpose of necklaces and borders (7b).

In 1927 work was resumed in the cemetery at Dendra. Two rock-cut chambers of the usual type contain the funeral offerings expected in ordinary graves of the later Bronze Age in the thirteenth century B.C. The third tomb was soon found to be unusual in size and contents, and therefore important. The tomb chamber, hewn out of solid rock at a depth of seventeen feet from the surface, is approached by an entrance passage (C, adjoining) six feet wide, driven straight into the hillside for a distance of sixty feet. At the doorway of the tomb this passage, or "dromos," was completely obstructed by a heap of great stones torn down from the wall which closed the door. Buried beneath them lay the skeleton of a woman, who had with her a few ornaments, a long bronze pin, two spindle whorls, and some moulded plaques of glass once covered with thin gold leaf. Robbers who broke through the wall in the doorway had presumably found these and abandoned them when they discovered they were not solid gold. This entry by plunderers occurred in the Mycenaean epoch, but fortunately their efforts were in vain, because, before they broke in, a large section of the rock roof of the tomb chamber had fallen in and covered the floor with debris to a depth of four-and-a-half feet.

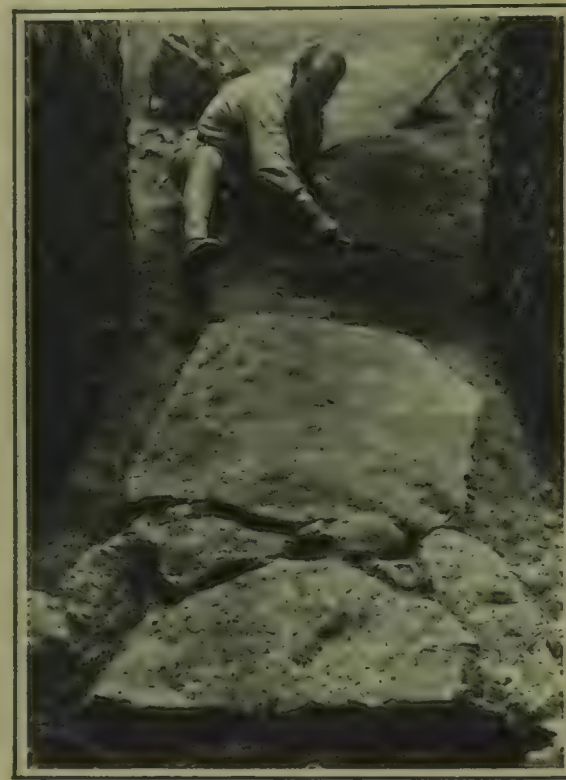
When the excavators cleared away the wall which blocked the doorway and was still standing to a height of five feet, there appeared two large stone slabs (D) fitted in with smaller stones, and



C. WHERE A WOMAN'S SKELETON WAS FOUND AT THE DOORWAY OF THE CENOTAPH AT DENDRA: THE ENTRANCE PASSAGE (DROMOS), SIX FEET WIDE, DRIVEN STRAIGHT INTO THE HILLSIDE FOR A DISTANCE OF TWENTY YARDS.

At the doorway of the tomb this passage, or dromos, was completely obstructed by a heap of great stones, beneath which was the skeleton of a woman.

Copyright Photograph by Professor A. Persson.

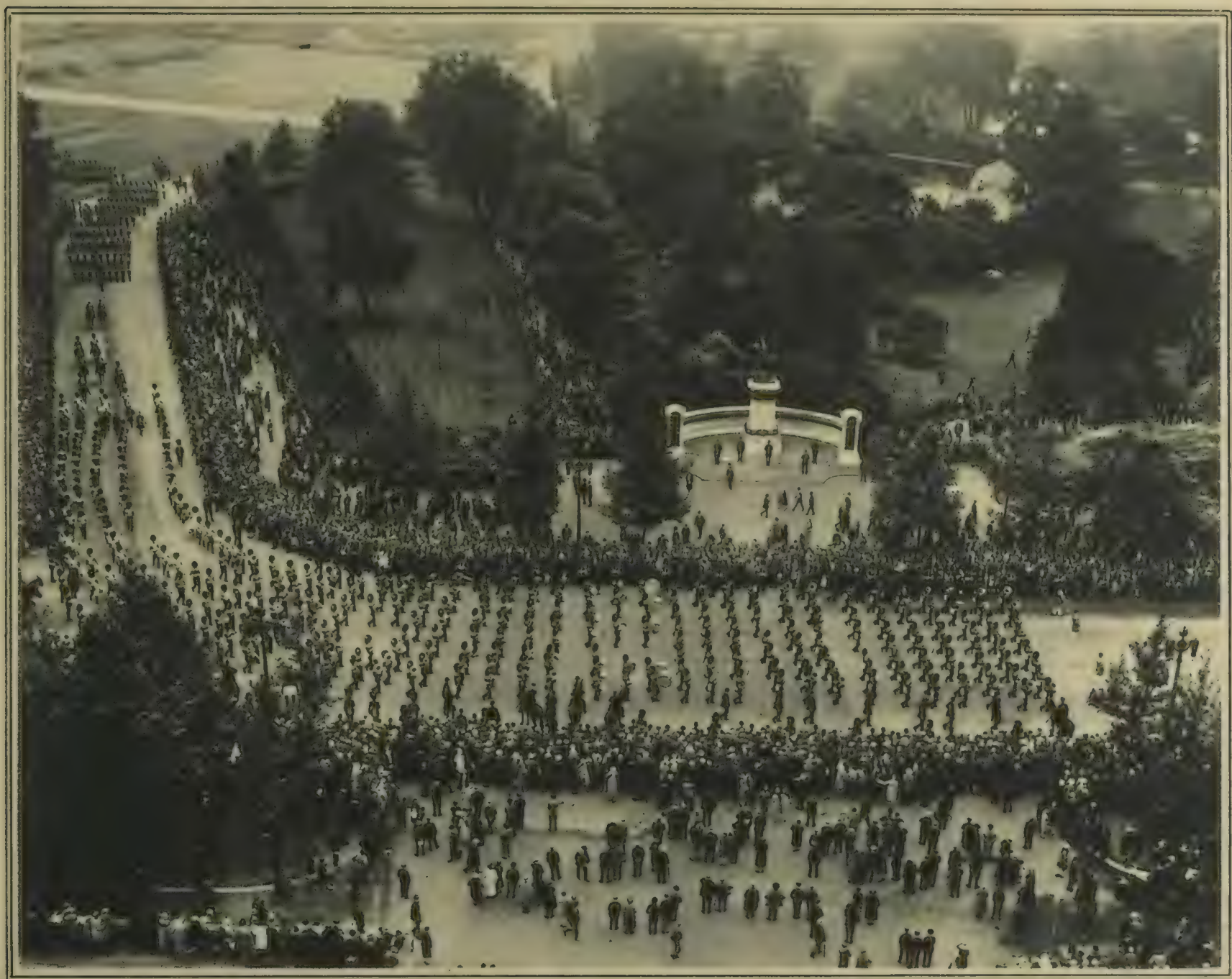


D. STONE SLABS THAT CONCEALED ONE OF THE GREATEST TREASURES OF MYCENÆAN BRONZES EVER FOUND: THE ROOF OF A PIT IN THE DOORWAY OF THE CENOTAPH AT DENDRA.

To avoid excitement in the village, the slabs were lifted during the noon siesta with the aid of only two trusted workmen. The removal of the slabs revealed one of the richest finds of Mycenaean bronze vessels and implements ever made in Greece.

Copyright Photograph by Professor A. Persson.

TROOPING THE COLOUR: THE FIRST TURN OF THE WELSH GUARDS.



MARCHING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR, IN HONOUR OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY, ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: THE GUARDS' BANDS TURNING INTO THE MALL PAST THE ARTILLERYMEN'S MEMORIAL OF THE BOER WAR—SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE DUKE OF YORK COLUMN.



THE FIRST OCCASION ON WHICH THE COLOUR OF THE WELSH GUARDS HAS BEEN TROOPED IN THE HISTORIC CEREMONY: THE SCENE ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE, SHOWING THE KING (AT THE HEAD OF THE CAVALCADE IN THE LEFT CORNER OF THE SQUARE) MAKING HIS INSPECTION, FOLLOWED BY THE ROYAL PRINCES.

The annual and time-honoured ceremony of Trooping the Colour in honour of the King's birthday—one of the most magnificent of military pageants—took place on the Horse Guards Parade on June 4. The actual anniversary fell on the previous day (a Sunday), his Majesty having been born on June 3, 1865. This year's occasion was of unique interest as being the first on which the colour trooped was that of the Welsh Guards, the youngest of the Guards regiments, which was formed only in 1915. The various regiments take their turn, year by year, to have their colour trooped, but the Welsh Guards had not hitherto

been stationed in London on the appropriate date. The Prince of Wales, who is their Colonel, did not march past with the troops, but stood at the saluting-base with the King. His Majesty was also accompanied by the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and Viscount Lascelles. The Queen, with Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, and the Duchess of York, watched the ceremony from a window over the Horse Guards Arch. Our upper photograph, which looks almost like an air view, was taken from the top of the Duke of York Column, which appears in the background of the lower illustration. It is 124 ft. high.

THE PEACEFUL "FALL" OF PEKING: A CITY OF CONTRASTS—OLD AND NEW.

NOS. 3, 4, AND 5, REPRODUCED FROM "THE WALLS AND GATES OF PEKING." RESEARCHES AND IMPRESSIONS BY OSVALD SIREN. WITH 109 PHOTOGRAPHS AND 50 ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.
BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LTD.



1. RECENTLY EVACUATED BY CHANG TSO-LIN AND HIS NORTHERN FORCES: PEKING—THE EAST RAILWAY STATION, WITH ITS MODERN BUILDINGS AND WIRELESS MASTS.



2. THE MODERN SIDE OF PEKING: A VIEW IN THE LEGATION QUARTER, SHOWING A GREAT HOTEL, MOTOR-CARS, AND TELEGRAPH POSTS.



3. THE ANCIENT SIDE OF PEKING: AN TING MEN—THE INNER TOWER AND PART OF THE FORMER GATEYARD, WITH RICKSHAWS.



4. AN OLD FORM OF TRANSPORT IN PEKING: A CAMEL CARAVAN PASSING THROUGH THE OUTER GATE OF HSI PIEN MEN.



5. TYPICAL CHINESE ARCHITECTURE OF THE OLD STYLE IN PEKING: CHIEN MEN—THE INNER TOWER SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.



6. THE HEART OF OLD PEKING FROM AN ULTRA-MODERN POINT OF VIEW: A UNIQUE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



7. MEN OF THE NORTHERN FORCES WHO RECENTLY EVACUATED THE CITY: A COLUMN OF CHANG TSO-LIN'S TROOPS PASSING UNDER A PAI LON (MEMORIAL ARCH) IN PEKING.

A remarkable change occurred recently in the military situation in China, where the advance of the Southern (Nationalist) armies towards Peking had been expected to culminate in a big battle against the Northern forces under the orders of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, who held the city. On June 3 a message from Peking stated that Chang Tso-lin, with his bodyguards and most of the Cabinet, had left Peking at 1 a.m. that day for Mukden (in Manchuria) in three trains packed with baggage, and that the evacuation of the Northern troops west of Peking—some 60,000 men—was proceeding. Chang Tso-lin sent a circular telegram to

the provinces and the military leaders explaining his departure, and stating that political issues were left to the people, for whom he was ready to sacrifice his personal interests. Later news stated that his train had been bombed near Mukden and he himself slightly injured. Meanwhile, in Peking, a Committee of Public Safety was formed to control the city during the interval between the Northerners' evacuation and the arrival of the Southerners. It was uncertain whether they would make Peking their capital, or retain it at Nanking, and what were the relations between the three Southern leaders, Chiang Kai-shek, Feng Yü-hsiang,

[Continued opposite.]

THE CHINO-JAPANESE CLASH: SCENES DURING THE TSINANFU FIGHTING.



THE EFFECT OF JAPANESE GUN-FIRE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION:
CHINESE BUILDINGS AT TSINANFU AFTER HAVING BEEN SHELLED BY THE JAPANESE.



CHINESE RIOTERS, LOOTERS, AND SOUTHERN SOLDIERS ROUNDED-UP BY THE JAPANESE:
PRISONERS TAKEN DURING THE FIGHTING AT TSINANFU.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS SEARCHING A CHINESE: AN INCIDENT OF THE JAPANESE
OCCUPATION OF TSINANFU.



THE CAUSE OF THE HAVOC SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH:
JAPANESE FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION AT TSINANFU AFTER THE
CHINESE ATTACK ON THE JAPANESE GARRISON AND CIVILIANS.



A JAPANESE MACHINE-GUN POST BEHIND A SANDBAG BARRICADE AT
TSINANFU: (IN BACKGROUND) DEFEATED CHINESE NORTHERNERS ON
THE MARCH—STRETCHER-BEARERS AND A PRISONER (LEFT).



THE JAPANESE COMMANDER, GENERAL FUKUDA (LEFT) AND MILITARY ENVOYS
OF THE CHINESE SOUTHERN ARMY: GENERAL FUKUDA REFUSING PROPOSED
TERMS OF TRUCE AS UNSATISFACTORY.

Continued.

and Yen Hsi-shan, said to have been appointed to take over Peking. The two latter were assumed, in Nanking official news, to be subordinate to Chiang Kai-shek, but this was doubted, as he had not been at the front since the clash with the Japanese at Tsinanfu on May 3. There, it will be recalled, the Japanese garrison was attacked, and some Japanese civilians were massacred. Japanese reinforcements were rushed up from Tsingtau, and Tsinanfu was shelled. Writing from Tokio after the Northern evacuation of Peking, a "Times" correspondent said: "The Japanese Government has received with satisfaction the news of

Chang Tso-lin's peaceful departure. The results for which Japan's diplomacy has worked since the Tsinanfu clash are being attained. This *dénouement* is held to be the effect of the Japanese declaration of May 18, which told Chang that, if he fought and lost, he could not re-enter Manchuria. News from Tsinanfu is satisfactory, and the city is quiet. Japan's claims are limited to apology, punishment of the offenders, and compensation. If Chiang Kai-shek will come to Tsinanfu, say that he is sorry, and shake hands with General Fukuda, Japan will be satisfied. It is acknowledged that many Chinese soldiers perished."

FEUDALISM BETWEEN FRANCE AND SPAIN: THE LITTLE REPUBLIC.

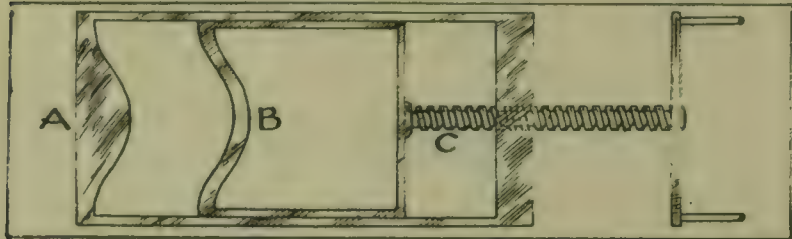
BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ROUND ABOUT ANDORRA." By BERNARD NEWMAN.*

(PUBLISHED BY GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN.)

"FRANCE and the Bishop are very strong," said the old Andorran. "France and the Bishop are very strong." Yet the little village-and-hamlet Republic in the Pyrenees retains its independence. Each year it pays its dues:—960 francs to the head of the French State; 460 pesetas to the Spanish Bishop of Urgel. Every other year three of its Councillors swear allegiance by placing their hands between those of the Prefect of the Pyrénées-Orientales. That is feudalism. The rest is freedom.

In time, the rail will succeed the mule-track; the road, the bridle-path; the motor-bus, the *tartane*. Indeed, invasion has begun, but the change will be by slow degrees and with grudging consent. It is



THE ANDORRAN INSTRUMENT OF EXECUTION: THE GARROTE, WHICH IS KEPT IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. ERMENGOL, ANDORRA THE OLD.

The garrote is still the official instrument of execution in Andorra; but, fortunately, there is no need for its use. The convicted criminal had to place his head in the space between A and B. The bar B was then brought towards A by the turning of the screw C, and the life was squeezed from the condemned. The garrote, which is of iron, is about three feet long and eighteen inches broad, and was mounted horizontally when in use.

not so much that innovations may interfere with the staple industries, agriculture and smuggling, or with that minor enterprise, the "Gretna Green" marriage for French and Spanish; not so much that they will multiply the unsought tourist. Rather is it that the Andorran finds contentment in his own way, as his fathers have before him; ranks a certain taciturnity above loquaciousness—"It is no unknown thing for a man to pass several weeks without speaking to one of his fellows"—and prefers dancing his own dances and singing his own folk-songs to stepping it to American importations and bawling the banalities of the "She's ma-babby" factories.

That he can indulge such whims—and, as the story runs, he has a whim of iron—is due not to a kindly Providence, but to one of the over-ruling passions of man. He lives as he wishes to live because neither France nor Spain would allow annexation on the part of the other.

It has been the same since the very foundation of this "Hell" or this "Forest"—there is a choice of derivation! Whether one believes, with the legends, that Andorra owes its independence to Charlemagne, grateful for assistance rendered, and to his son, Louis le Débonnaire; or agrees with the modern historians that it is an outcome, the only surviving outcome, of a chain of tiny "squatter's right" States created by the great King of the Franks and Roman Emperor in an endeavour to repopulate the Pyrenean valleys harassed by the Moors, matters little. The fact is that jealousy has always been the sure shield. "Other quasi-independent States had been given one over-lord, and had been speedily absorbed within his domains. Andorra had two masters, neither of whom would permit the other to dominate the valley." At the worst, Arms versus Excommunication led to an *Acte de Partage*.

Thus the Andorran has rested tranquil. Every *cap de casa*—every head of a household—is in the Army, just as every able-bodied man is a policeman; but mobilisation has been rare. There was a call to the colours in 1794, when the Andorrans defied Chabert and denied him passage to Urgel; and another during the Carlist Wars: "there were several frontier incidents," and the Andorrans had to use force in expelling intruders. . . . the only occasion on which the Andorran Army has been in action in a period of eleven hundred years."

Security breeds Conservatism. The Casa dels Valls, the House of the Valleys, the Parliament House of the Republic, is significant. The Councillors meet there, and it serves also as school, court of law, dining-hall, stable, dormitory, and prison. "It is the only building of any pretension in the State, and is

carefully tended. . . . Over the doorway," writes our author, "I noticed the coat-of-arms of Andorra—in which the arms of the twin overlords are cunningly intermingled." The untenanted mud-floored prison is a stable; the dining-hall adjoins the council-chamber, and there the members eat before the debates; the school-room is frescoed; on the second floor are dormitories, for the "M.P." has as sole privileges a free meal when the Council meets, free stabling and forage for his mule, and a free bed for the night.

At the back of the council chamber is the miniature chapel of St. Ermengol, built to hold twenty-four, and, incidentally, serving as storage-place for the garrote that is still the legal instrument of execution—though, fortunately, not in demand—and for a box holding the ceremonial hats of the Bishop of Urgel and the President of France.

In the council chamber itself is a cupboard let into the wall. "Above it are painted the words 'ARXIU Y ESCRIPTURAS DE LAS VALLS DE ANDORRA'—the archives and records of the valley of Andorra. This cupboard is the repository of the Andorran archives. The treaties with France and Spain, with Bishops of Urgel and Counts of Foix, are all deposited here. The cupboard is regarded by the Andorrans as a symbol

of their independence—a very logical thought. So intense is the national care for its safe keeping that it has been provided with six locks, and the six keys are distributed among the six parishes. Thus the cupboard can only be unlocked when representatives of all the Andorran parishes are gathered together. My guard gravely explained these safeguards," notes the writer, "and he was so intensely serious that I had not the heart to point out to him that any amateur with a jemmy could open the cupboard within two minutes." Could anything better illustrate pride and simplicity?

And, better, and even finer, symbol, the tocsin, "a large bell of vibrant tone which hangs in a corner of the room. Once it used to hang in the tiny buttress on the corner of the Council House, and served to warn Andorra of impending danger. Happily, it was seldom used for this purpose. Now it is relegated to the position of a dinner-gong."

But lest our quotations suggest that it is otherwise, let us remark at once that Mr. Newman concerns himself less with history, less with "sights" in the generally accepted sense, than with the Andorran, his natural surroundings, his domestic habits and customs, his thoughts and his desires, his tilling of the soil, and his outwitting of the Frontier guards—and, it must be added, with the aspirations of his "brother Catalonians," for, as his title indicates, the author of "Round About Andorra" does not confine himself to Andorra proper; and he does not see eye to eye with the cartographer who describes Catalonia as "a political division of Spain, comprising the provinces of Barcelona, Lerida, Gerona, and Tarragona." "This," he writes, "is a purely artificial distinction, and I make no claim to originality when I define Catalonia as the land of the Catalans, describing under its heading not only the Spanish provinces but the Catalan-speaking districts to the north of the Pyrenees. The Roussillon and the Cerdagne are essentially Catalan. Almost as far north as Carcassonne the people are of the same race, and almost as far west as Foix. . . . Andorra—the only free Catalan State. . . . What will be Andorra's attitude when Catalonia revolts against Spain?"

But, almost unconsciously, we have turned aside again. Let us go back to the Andorran in his valleys and his mountains; see the stone-walled houses, in Andorra the Old, "as closely huddled together as in a London slum" because "soil is so precious in Andorra that a minimum area must be covered by buildings"; wonder at the strength of the family tie; get to understand the superstitions.

First, the family tie. "The State and the constitution are deliberately built up on the unity and continuity of the family," says Mr. Newman. "The *cap de casa* is the Andorran unit. He votes on behalf of the family; he alone of the family is eligible for

election to any of the councils of the State or parish. . . . The *cap de casa* nominates his successor at the first convenient opportunity—that is to say, as soon as a son has proved himself worthy of the honour. The *hereu*, or heir, is usually, but not necessarily, the eldest son. Should he prove unworthy, he may be passed over in favour of a younger son, at the father's discretion. The *hereu* has no rights, however, until he becomes *cap de casa* in fact. He may not attain this dignity until the death of his father, but it is customary for the father to relinquish the title and rights to the *hereu* when he feels the years advancing upon him. Thereafter the house and land belong to the son, and the father remains there as an honoured guest."

As to the *concho*, the younger son; he is without inheritance. He may marry an heiress, become a priest, emigrate, or remain in his brother's house "virtually a servant, dependent upon the head of the house for everything."

Then: superstition. Legends are rife, especially that of the White Lady of Auvina, the Andorran Joan of Arc; and there is the faith that the cows and the sheep bow to the east at midnight on Christmas Eve. And: "There is a fairy story associated with every physical feature, and the little people—the *jadas*—are not altogether unreal. No Andorran woman will air her linen in any spot but that which has been reserved for the village by the fairies; then the *jadas* will guard the linen, and it will never be stolen or blown away."

Then—but space calls a halt; and we must be content with so much as introduction to a book of peculiar charm, which cannot fail to win widespread commendation. Mr. Newman, like the Andorrans,



THE CASA DELS VALLS: THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF THE REPUBLIC, IN WHICH THE ARCHIVES ARE KEPT IN A CUPBOARD WHICH HAS SIX LOCKS BUT COULD BE BROKEN OPEN IN A MINUTE OR TWO! Illustrations reproduced from "Round About Andorra," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.

would have few visit the smallest of Republics; but for the sake of those few he tells of the ways and discusses the means. The journey is not for all—certainly not for the "soft"—but if anything is calculated to tempt the traveller it is "Round About Andorra." None can read it without recognising its entrancing qualities, its humanity, and its humour; without being engrossed; without envy and desire to emulate. May France and the Bishop never be too strong!

E. H. G.

* "Round About Andorra." By Bernard Newman. Illustrated by C. Henley Gardener. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK :

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MISS ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.
Made a Dame of the Order of the British Empire. Late Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Hon. M.A., Oxon., 1921. A great-niece of the poet. Born, 1840.



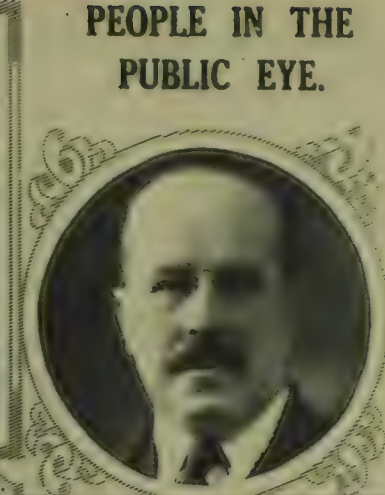
PROF. NILS OTTO GUSTAF NORDENSKJÖLD.
Born, December 6, 1869; died, June 2. Famous explorer. Led the Swedish Antarctic Expedition in 1902-3. Professor of Geography at the University of Gothenburg.



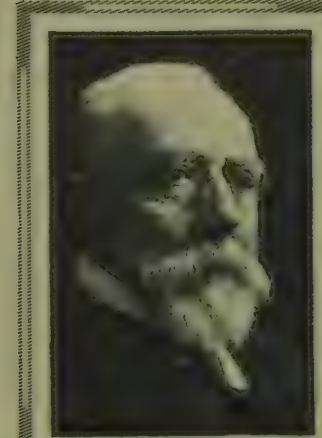
CAPTAIN C. KINGSFORD-SMITH.
Started from Oakland, California, with three companions, to fly to Australia in the "Southern Cross," on May 31. Reached Honolulu, June 1, and Fiji on June 5.



MR. E. THURLOW LEEDS, F.S.A.
Appointed Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. On the staff since 1908. Authority on prehistoric antiquities and excavator of several British sites. Author of "The Archaeology of the Anglo-Saxon Settlements."



THE EIGHTH DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
Brother of the late Duke. Until he succeeded to the title, Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope. Was born in 1866. Formerly owned the Hope blue diamond.



SIR GEORGE A. GRIERSON, K.C.I.E. (NEW O.M.)
Distinguished Oriental scholar and famous linguist.



SIR JAMES F. REMNANT, BT., C.B.E. (NEW BARON.)
M.P. (Conservative) for Holborn for the last twenty-eight years.



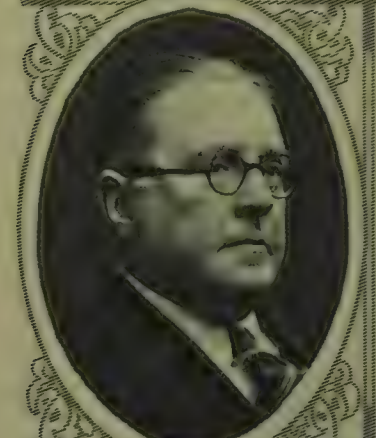
THE RT. HON. SIR ALFRED MOND, BT. (NEW BARON.)
Well known in politics and for industrial activities.



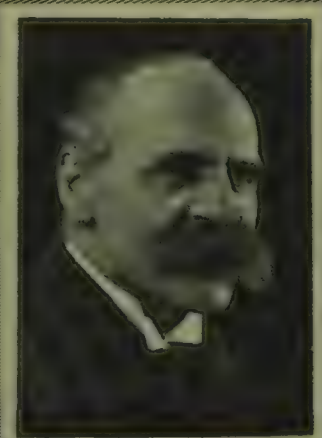
SIR G. ROWLAND BLADES, BT., G.B.E. (NEW BARON.)
President of the Federation of British Industries. Ex-Lord Mayor.



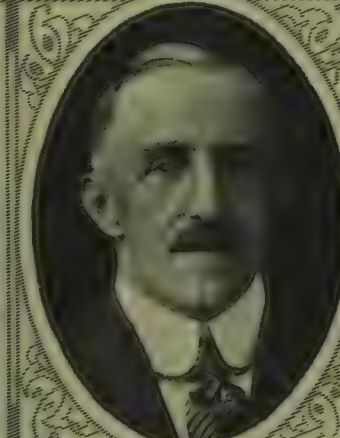
PROFESSOR WILLIAM A. CRAIGIE. (NEW KNIGHT.)
Joint Editor of the Oxford English Dictionary.



MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR (NEW KNIGHT.)
Actor; Manager of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.



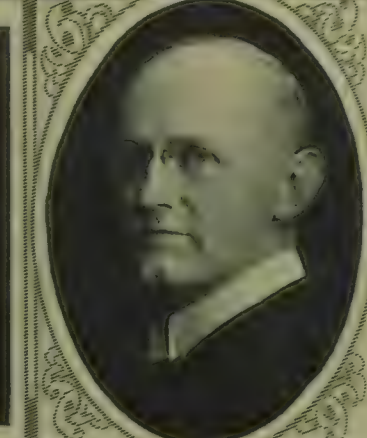
PROFESSOR J. S. HALDANE. (NEW COMPANION OF HONOUR.)
Director, Mining Research Laboratory, Birmingham.



MR. MAX PEMBERTON. (NEW KNIGHT.)
Author; Director of the London School of Journalism.



CAPT. GEORGE H. WILKINS. (NEW KNIGHT.)
Australian airman. Flew over the North Pole region.



MR. ARCHIBALD HURD. (NEW KNIGHT.)
Author of many books and articles on naval subjects.



MAJOR-GEN. SIR FREDERICK SYKES, G.B.E.
To be Governor of Bombay. M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield since 1922. An expert on flying, and formerly Controller-General of Civil Aviation. Chairman of Government Broadcasting Board, 1923.



THE RT. HON. J. H. WHITLEY, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
Speaker since 1921. Has announced his intention to retire on June 19. Has had twenty-eight years' service in Parliament. At present M.P. (L.) for Halifax. Was Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker, 1911-21. Born at Halifax on February 8, 1866.



THE SEVENTH DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
(Born, September 28, 1864; died, May 30.) Lived a very quiet life, owing to indifferent health. A man of great piety and a strong supporter of the Anglo-Catholic school in the Church.

SUBMARINE PICTURES: "LANDSCAPES" PAINTED UNDER WATER.

FROM THE SUBMARINE PAINTINGS BY ZARH PRITCHARD, WHICH CAN NOW BE SEEN BY THE PUBLIC (EXCEPT ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS) AT THE GIEVES ART GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET.
(COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED.)

PAINTED BY
MR. ZARH
PRITCHARD
WHEN
WORKING
UNDER WATER
IN DIVER'S
DRESS
AT A DEPTH
OF 35 FEET:
"CORAL
PINNACLES,
PAPARA,
TAHITI."



PAINTED AT A DEPTH OF 20 FEET IN THE LAGOONS OF TAHITI.
"ZANCLUS CORNUTUS," ANOTHER REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF MR. ZARH
PRITCHARD'S SUBMARINE WORK.



THIRTY-FIVE
FEET BELOW
WATER
AT MARAA,
TAHITI:
"CORAL
STRUCTURE,
TOWARDS
EVENING."

FROM A PAINTING MADE AT A DEPTH OF 15 FEET, IN THE WATERS
OF TAHITI: "CHÆTODONS, EPHIPPIMUM FORCIPIGER."



In our issue of January 21, 1922, we gave some remarkably interesting illustrations showing Mr. Zarh Pritchard, in diver's dress, at work on a picture while fifty feet under water and examples of his submarine paintings. Exceptional interest was aroused; and our readers will be glad to know, therefore, that they have now an opportunity to see some of the painter's originals. These are on exhibition at the Gieves Art Gallery, 22, Old Bond Street. For a while they were shown privately, but they can now be viewed by the public (except on Tuesdays and Fridays, which days are reserved for those who have private cards

of invitation). As to Mr. Pritchard's methods, we quote the following (referring to the first of many occasions) from the Foreword to the Catalogue: "... He donned the costume of a diver and made his descent to a depth of thirty feet below the surface. When at the bottom he chose the scene . . . to paint; then, after a pre-arranged signal with the men who accompanied him in the diving barge, they lowered on the end of a cord his canvas, palette, and brushes. The canvas having been previously covered with linseed oil, the thick oil colours adhered to it perfectly, having the property of not dissolving in contact with the water."

AN INSPIRATION TO NUNGESSER: A PRITCHARD SUBMARINE PAINTING.

FROM THE SUBMARINE PAINTING BY ZARH PRITCHARD, NOW TO BE SEEN BY THE PUBLIC (EXCEPT ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS) AT THE GIEVES ART GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



"THE MONOLITH": A WORK IN WHICH THE GREAT AIRMAN, WHO, WITH COLI, LOST HIS LIFE ON A TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT, SAW A SYMBOL OF COURAGE; THE FOREST OF KELP; AND HIMSELF DIVING.

Very special interest attaches to this particular submarine picture by Mr. Zarh Pritchard. This is the story. When Nungesser, the famous airman, who, with Coli, lost his life attempting a Transatlantic flight, was staying in New York, he visited Mr. Zarh Pritchard's exhibition there several times. Referring to this picture, "The Monolith," he said to the artist: "Zarh, this, as you know, is my favourite, after five visits. I leave New York; but I shall return soon in my aeroplane. During my flight over the Atlantic, I shall remember this scene.

That 'Monolith' has become to me a symbol of courage; one must never give in. I see in the picture, also, the Forest of Kelp of the North Atlantic, and behold me! [pointing to the lower part of the painting]. I swim like a fish. There I am, diving." This last reference was to the suggestion of an upright figure with out-stretched arms (below the Monolith), which some of our readers, at all events, will discern. The full title of the picture is "The Monolith. Sand-stone rocks; kelp at low tide; depth 30 feet; West Coast of Scotland."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"FORTY THOUSAND MILES WITH LINDBERGH," AND "THE CROWD," AT THE TIVOLI.

AMERICA has just reason to be proud of the first lone Atlantic flier, and this picture at the Tivoli gives English men and women a welcome opportunity to pay their mental homage to Lindbergh's indomitable courage. It is, of course, inevit-

importance. The tragedy comes, not through the conventional "triangle," but when, after their second child has been run over and killed, the young husband, heart-broken and overstrung with grief, yields to his always facile *insouciant* temperament, and flings up his office job, only to sink lower and lower in the scale of the employment he can obtain, until he is finally

offered work by his wife's brothers. To the wife, his refusal of what he describes as a "charity job," comes as the last straw. She turns on him and denounces him for the loafer he has become. The young man goes out and attempts to commit suicide, but even in this he cannot succeed—his nerve fails him at the critical moment, and, accompanied by his little son who has followed him, and whose childish faith has done something to restore his self-respect, he secures a job as a ball-juggling sandwichman, dressed as a clown. Returning with his first day's wages in his pocket, he finds his wife about to return with her brothers to her old home. His pleading avails nothing, and she leaves him, only to turn back at the last moment because she realises his absolute dependence upon her. The end is reconciliation and a visit to a theatre. The last scene is both artistic and significant in its symbolism. Behind the happily laughing, reunited couple stretch back row upon row of serried ranks of faces—"The Crowd." The dimly-lit faces move and glimmer in the surge of mob emotion. The husband and wife are swallowed up among them, like rain-drops in a bottomless pool. All about them the crowd is breathing, tolerant, but unmindful of them, a human monster with a million hearts. The picture vanishes. These two, whose typical story has lived

Ney" and the Russian film, "The Postmaster," but also of revived films of artistic merit.

The first choice, and a very justifiable one, since it combines popularity with real achievement, fell on the famous "Vaudeville," in which Emil Jannings gave such a fine and unforgettable performance of the jealous acrobat, with Lya de Putti as his faithless little siren—a performance she has never bettered nor, to my mind, even equalled—and Warwick Ward, as the trapeze-catcher's successful rival. "Vaudeville" has been shown at intervals, if I remember rightly, since its initial run, but nevertheless it is a film that is always well worth seeing. It marked a decided step forward in the art of film-production. In the handling of its theme, in its staging and lighting, it set an example that had a distinct influence on our younger producers. It possesses, too, an amazing vitality. I have found that it is the one film readily recalled by the most casual film-goers, although it does not belong to the realm of the spectacular film.

An even more interesting revival (commenced on June 4) is that of "The Street." This is a German film, shown about four years ago. The producer was Karl Grune, and the film was acclaimed by the Press, as well as by those film-goers who appreciated the more serious efforts of cinematography, as one of the most comprehensive studies of psychology ever contributed to the screen. It is the story of a very ordinary little man living in an ordinary sort of street, and, being so ordinary, so simple, in its atmosphere, it was not then, meat for the populace. But in the intervening years public taste and public interest in the possibilities of film-art have developed tremendously, and I venture to believe that "The Street" will be even more widely appreciated now than it was at its initial showing. It appears that all trace of this film had been lost, and that only after many months of searching could a copy be unearthed. If that is so, the Gaumont-British Corporation deserve our warmest thanks. "The Street" was far too good a film to be forgotten and discarded. It should certainly be seen by all who are interested in the history of the screen. And there are many other pictures of sufficient value to outlast their first brief spell of popularity—some that one has perforce missed and has never been able to trace; some that one would willingly see again. I have before now voiced the need for just such a policy of revival, and hope that public support may justify the enterprise of the Avenue Pavilion.



A FAMOUS DETECTIVE OF FICTION COME TO LIFE ON THE STAGE: HERCULE POIROT (MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON, RIGHT) INVESTIGATES THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD (MR. NORMAN V. NORMAN, CENTRE), WITH DR. SHEPPARD (MR. J. H. ROBERTS), IN "ALIBI," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Hercule Poirot, the little Belgian solver of crime mysteries in Mrs. Agatha Christie's famous detective stories (many of which appeared in the "Sketch"), has assumed flesh and blood in "Alibi," the stage version of her latest novel, "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd." Poirot is admirably impersonated by Mr. Charles Laughton. In the above photograph he is seen "viewing the body" with Dr. Sheppard, who, in the novel, is the narrator.

able that, in the film, the wonder and endurance of the flight itself should be somewhat overshadowed by the manifestations of triumph and pride, the ovations and acclamations that greeted the successful airman on his subsequent tour of the North and South American continents. These thronging, cheering crowds, these flower-heaped motor-cars, these medals and receptions, these hand-shakings and speeches, are but an ephemeral aftermath of a unique and stupendous achievement. Of the actual flight very little can, naturally, be seen—merely the quiet taking-off from St. Louis, the poised landing in Paris. Of the unforgettable interval, nothing. Yet, to my mind, this very absence of representation makes an imaginative appeal such as no amount of realistic photography could have done. Here is something so utterly alone that even the ubiquitous eye of the camera, for once, is blind. "The tumult and the shouting dies"—only Lindbergh himself knows what preceded it of strain and anxiety, of steadying of will and courage, of, perhaps, panic fear. Just as, on the stage, a skilful actor can produce an overwhelming effect by the judicious use of silence, so this film, by what it does not show, reveals to the imagination a poignant picture of a most hazardous adventure, simply undertaken and heroically achieved.

The second part of the Tivoli programme consists of Mr. King Vidor's extremely interesting production, "The Crowd" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). In the making of some of the scenes the producer is said to have photographed over a million people. Yet the story is concerned with two persons only—a young married couple of the working middle-class, mere units in the crowd. Apart from the excellent acting of the principals, Miss Eleanor Boardman and Mr. James Murray, the film is remarkable for its simplicity of treatment, its verisimilitude to life, and its sincerity of emotional content. The love of husband and wife, the making of a home, the bearing and rearing of children, are shown as things of paramount

and moved for a short space upon the screen, have gone back to the oblivion that is deeper than loneliness—the oblivion of the crowd.

For the acting of Mr. James Murray one can find nothing but praise. He was excellently supported by Miss Eleanor Boardman, whose playing of the wife was a most skilful and appealing piece of characterisation. The minor parts were all adequately filled; the production, with the exception of the scenes in the train, could hardly be bettered. Taken all in all, "The Crowd" is a film to be thankful for.

REVIVAL OF FILMS.

The Gaumont-British Picture Corporation announce an interesting policy regarding future programmes at the Avenue Pavilion. It is one that every film-goer who is not a mere "movie-fan" will certainly welcome; for it is designed to strengthen the life of memorable pictures which, according to the nature of the films, have hitherto gone into limbo—more or less—when their first tide of popularity has ebbed, their first round come to an end. The Avenue Pavilion is to become the home not only of such interesting films as "Jeanne



HERCULE POIROT FEELS A LITTLE FAINT BEFORE THE GATHERING OF SUSPECTS: (L. TO R.) MARGOT, HIS FRENCH HOUSEKEEPER (MISS CONSTANCE ANDERSON), DR. SHEPPARD (MR. J. H. ROBERTS), AND POIROT (MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON), IN "ALIBI," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Towards the end of his investigations, Poirot summons all the suspects to his house, and declares that the murderer is among them. Before their arrival he has an attack of faintness, which may or may not be genuine.

Puccini's Last Opera: "Turandot"—Chinese Legend in a Riot of Colour.

FROM THE PICTURE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



GUESSING THE RIDDLES THAT MEANT LOVE OR DEATH: THE UNKNOWN SUITOR AND THE CRUEL PRINCESS—A GREAT SCENE IN "TURANDOT," PUCCINI'S UNFINISHED OPERA, AT COVENT GARDEN.

The first performance of "Turandot" this year at Covent Garden was arranged for June 5. The Chinese legend concerns the beautiful, but cold and cruel, Princess Turandot, who has resolved to avenge upon men the shame suffered by a maiden of her race long ago. To all her suitors she propounds three riddles, and he who answers them aright will win her hand; but failure means death. Many have forfeited their lives, and the opera opens with a young Prince of Persia going to execution. Then appears an unknown suitor, who guesses the riddles correctly,

and Turandot is enraged at his success. He offers her an alternative, and agrees to die if she can discover his name by daybreak. An old man and a slave girl accompanying the suitor are seized, so that they may reveal the name under torture. The girl, who loves him, cries that she alone knows it, and seizing a dagger, kills herself. Turandot thus realises the power of love, and when the suitor announces himself as Prince Calaf, son of Timur, she ultimately surrenders. This year at Covent Garden the role of Turandot is sung by Miss Eva Turner.

In Pæony Time : Lovely Varieties of a Royal Gift- Flower to Canada.

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KELWAY AND SON, LANGPORT.

In early June pæonies are at their best, and we have therefore chosen this time to illustrate some particularly beautiful specimens, which were all grown on English soil. We may recall in this connection that last autumn the Prince of Wales sent a gift of pæony plants to every town and municipality throughout Canada, as a memento of his visit to the Dominion in the year of its jubilee. The pæony was chosen for this purpose, no doubt, because it has been found to thrive in Canada, the climate and conditions being very

[Continued below.]



"EMPEROR OF RUSSIA": AN EARLY FLOWERING DOUBLE PÆONY OF DEEP PURPLE CRIMSON.



"JOSEPHINE KELWAY": A SINGLE PÆONY, OF WATER-LILY SHAPE, RANGING IN HUE FROM FAINT PINK TO WHITE.



"PRIDE OF LANGPORT": A LARGE SINGLE PÆONY THAT BEARS "A SHEAF OF PINK BLOSSOMS LIKE A GIANT BOUQUET."



"GLOBE OF LIGHT": ONE OF THE MOST HIGHLY PRIZED VARIETIES OF PÆONY GROWN IN THIS COUNTRY.



"PRESIDENT POINCARÉ": A SPLENDID DOUBLE PÆONY OF RICH RUBY CRIMSON ORIGINATED AT LANGPORT.

Continued

suitable to its growth. A suggestion was made in some quarters that it might well be adopted as the national flower of the Dominion. The distribution of the plants sent by the Prince was carried out by the Bank of Montreal. The blooms here illustrated were grown by Messrs. Kelway and Son, the famous pioneers and specialists in pæony culture, whose gardens at Langport, Somerset, now ablaze with an infinite variety of these delightful flowers, are a place of pilgrimage for gardening enthusiasts. The "President Poincaré" pæony, as well as the others shown above, originated in the Kelway nurseries.

THE 1928 DERBY DAY: EPSOM COURSE SEEN FROM THE AIR.



THE EPSOM RACECOURSE ON THIS YEAR'S DERBY DAY: A WONDERFUL AIR VIEW, SHOWING THE NEW GRAND STAND, THE PADDOCK (RIGHT FOREGROUND), TATTENHAM CORNER (RIGHT BACKGROUND), AND THE SWARMING CROWD.

Derby Day this year was pre-eminently the day of the motorist. From royalty downwards, all the world and his wife went to Epsom by road. The royal plans were changed almost at the last moment, and on the morning of the great race it was announced that the King and Queen, instead of travelling by train, would go to Epsom by road, probably accompanied by the Prince of Wales; and that the Duke and Duchess of York would likewise motor to the course. Special arrangements were made by the police to prevent congestion on the roads, as far as possible, and vehicles were sorted into categories—private cars, motor-coaches,

motor-omnibuses, horse-drawn conveyances—and to each class was allotted a fixed route. In the new Grand Stand, used for the first time at last year's Derby, certain improvements had been made. The Royal Box and apartments had been entirely redecorated, lifts had been installed to save the tedious climb to the boxes, and a starting-price board had been set up on the stand. It was estimated that the number of people at Epsom on Derby Day totalled about a million and a quarter. The finish of the race is illustrated elsewhere in this number. The above air view was taken shortly before it was run.



AN OUTSIDER'S DERBY: THE FINISH—FELSTEAD (H. WRAGG UP) FIRST PAST THE POST, WITH FLAMINGO (C. ELLIOTT UP) SECOND, AND BLACK WATCH (C. SMIRKE UP) THIRD.

The result of the 1928 Derby—the 145th race since its foundation in 1780—was a complete surprise. The winner, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Felstead, was an outsider that started at 33 to 1, as also did the horse that came in third, Mr. L. Neumann's Black Watch. Sir Laurence Philipps' Flamingo, which was a good second, had been strongly backed, and started at 9 to 2. Felstead is a son of Spion Kop, the winner of the Derby in 1920. Flamingo,

it will be remembered, won the Two Thousand Guineas this year. The favourite for the Derby, Lord Derby's Fairway, which started at 3 to 1, disappointed his supporters. Our photograph shows the finish of the race, with the Judge's box on the right. Elsewhere in this number we give an air view of the course and photographs showing the arrival of the King and Queen, and the leading-in of the winner after the race.

DERBY DAY INCIDENTS: THE ROYAL ARRIVAL; WINNER AND OWNER.



THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S DERBY AND HIS OWNER: FELSTEAD (H. WRAGG UP) BEING LED IN BY SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN, BT. (IN TOP-HAT), AFTER THE RACE—SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) BOB WOOD, THE FAMOUS FARRIER.



THE KING AND QUEEN TRAVEL TO EPSOM FOR THE DERBY BY MOTOR-CAR, INSTEAD OF (AS USUAL) BY TRAIN: THEIR MAJESTIES (SEEN INSIDE THE CAR) CHEERED BY THE BYSTANDERS ON THEIR ARRIVAL ON THE COURSE.

The King and Queen this year motored to Epsom for the Derby, instead of travelling by train as usual, and as they had previously intended. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, owner of Felstead, is chairman of the British-America Tobacco Company, and a keen sportsman. He had never hitherto won a classic race, nor had his trainer, Captain O. M. D. Bell, nor the jockey, H. Wragg, though the last-named was second in last year's Derby, on Hot Night. Wragg is the eldest of three jockey brothers, and in 1924 was first jockey to the King.

Felstead's victory in the Derby, as noted under our photograph of the finish, was a surprise, and it is nine years since a horse won at such a long price as 33 to 1. His time (2 min. 34 2-5th sec.) equalled Call Boy's record of last year. Mr. Bob Wood, who is seen in our upper photograph, is the well-known farrier, who has shod eight Derby winners, and many others. After nearly forty years' work he is retiring to Bolton, his native place, and is to be married in August.



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BYGONE HORSES AND THEIR OWNERS: OLD SPORTING PICTURES ON EXHIBITION.



1. BY JOHN F. HERRING, SENIOR (1795-1865): "WEATHERGAGGE WITH JOCKEY AND STABLE BOY AT POST," SIGNED AND DATED 1853. (CANVAS, 50 BY 35 IN.)



2. BY GEORGE STUBBS, R.A. (1724-1806): "FIVE RACERS UNDER TREES IN FULL LEAF BESIDE A POOL," SIGNED BY THE ARTIST. (CANVAS, 75 BY 40 IN.)



3. BY CHARLES TOWNE (1799-1823): "JOHN YATES AND 'NINETY-THREE,' WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER IN 1793," INITIALED AND DATED 1794. (CANVAS, 48 BY 39 IN.)



4. BY GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.: "VISCOUNTESS MELBOURNE; HER FATHER, SIR RALPH MILBANKE (BESIDE HER); HER BROTHER, MR. JOHN MILBANKE (CENTRE) AND HER HUSBAND, LORD MELBOURNE, ON HORSEBACK." (CANVAS, 60 BY 40 IN.)



5. BY JOHN FERNELEY (1782-1860): "ANDREW BERKELEY DRUMMOND, ESQ., ON A BAY HORSE IN CADLAND PARK"; SIGNED AND DATED MELTON MOWBRAY 1822. (CANVAS, 43½ BY 35 IN.)



6. BY BEN MARSHALL (1767-1835): "TOM OLDAKER ON PICKLE," SIGNED AND DATED 1830. (CANVAS, 52 BY 40 IN.)

Recent events at Epsom make the horse and its devotees a subject of topical interest, but apart from this fact many of our readers, we feel sure, will find a strong attraction in the Exhibition of Old Sporting Pictures just opened in the galleries of Messrs. M. Knoedler and Co., Inc., at 15, Old Bond Street. The exhibition, which is to remain open the whole of this month, is held in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. We are enabled to reproduce above some of the most interesting exhibits. A few notes on the artists here represented may not be out of place. John Frederick Herring, who was known as "the artist coachman," for four years drove the "York and London Highflyer," but devoted all his leisure to painting. For thirty-three successive years he painted the winners of the St.

Leger. He left Doncaster, where he had been employed, in 1830, and, after three years at Newmarket, settled in London. He received commissions from George IV. and Queen Victoria. Among his pictures was one called "The Derby Day."—George Stubbs, a native of Liverpool, was much employed in painting portraits of the most famous racers. In 1766 he published his "Anatomy of the Horse," with his own illustrations. He also painted a classical subject, "Phaeton with the Horses of the Sun," and did some pictures of tigers.—Charles Towne, a painter of animals and landscape, occasionally exhibited at the Royal Academy. He settled for some years in Liverpool, and in 1813 was Vice-President of the Liverpool Academy.—John E. Ferneley exhibited hunting pictures at the Royal Academy from 1818 to 1849.—Benjamin Marshall practised in London and Newmarket. He specialised in horses, and contributed to the "Sporting Magazine."

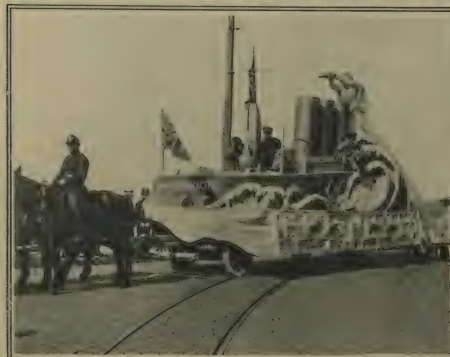
BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER. NOS. 1 AND 2 LENT TO THEIR EXHIBITION BY ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD, ESQ. (OWNER'S COPYRIGHT.) NO. 3 LENT BY A. BENDIR, ESQ.; NO. 4 BY LADY DESBOROUGH; NO. 5 BY CAPTAIN MALDWIN DRUMMOND; NO. 6 BY LORD WOOLAVINGTON.



THE NEW SOUTH AFRICAN FLAG (ON LEFT) FLOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN LONDON: WITH THE UNION JACK OVER SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE.
On Union Day (May 31) the New South African national flag was flown, for the first time in London, over South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, along with the Union Jack. The signal for hoisting it was given, from a dais in the Square, by Prince Arthur of Connaught, formerly Governor-General of South Africa, who was welcomed by the High Commissioner, Mr. J. S. Smuts.



CELEBRATING THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF H.M.S. "VINDICTIVE'S" EXPLOIT AT OSTEND: THE RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE JETTY.
At Ostend, on June 3, an impressive ceremony took place on the western end of the jetty, to commemorate the sinking of the German submarine base, and the subsequent deliverance of the port from the enemy. A cathedral had been erected, and Mass was celebrated. Some 150 members of the Zebruge 1918 Association, men who served in the "Vindictive" and other British craft, came from England for the occasion.



REPRESENTING H.M.S. "VINDICTIVE," SUNK AT OSTEND TO BLOCK GERMAN SUBMARINES: A MODEL OF THE SHIP IN THE RECENT CELEBRATIONS.
During the recent celebrations at Ostend (illustrated also in the photograph above this one), a model of H.M.S. "Vindictive" was carried in procession. It was on May 9, 1918 (some sixteen days after the "Vindictive" had taken part in the naval raid on Zeebrugge) that she was sunk in Ostend Harbour to block the egress of German submarines. Ostend was recovered by the Belgians in the following October. The British party present at the celebrations viewed the wreck of the "Vindictive."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: OF THE WEEK RECORDED



MODERNIST ARCHITECTURE IN AN ESSEX VILLAGE: HOUSES OF SILVERY-WHITE CONCRETE BUILT FOR FACTORY WORKERS AT SILVER END, NEAR BRAINTREE.
Silver End has an architecture that recalls the modern French, Dutch, and Spanish houses we have lately illustrated. Employees of the Crittall Co. the well-known window-making firm, are being housed in new homes of ultra-modern design, built in silvery-white concrete and embodying the latest hygienic and labour-saving devices. The houses have a castellated aspect, with flat roofs for sunlight treatment.



THE ANTI-ITALIAN DEMONSTRATIONS IN YUGO-SLAVIA: A STREET SCENE IN BELGRADE DURING THE DISTURBANCES—POLICE DISPERSING A CROWD.
The recent anti-Italian demonstrations in various towns of Yugo-Slavia, concerning the Nettuno Convention, led to a temporary crisis, which was averted as closed on June 3 by a satisfactory Yugo-Slavian reply to an Italian Note of protest. The chief disturbances in Belgrade itself took place on May 30, when hundreds of University students gathered and erected barricades.



THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" AGAIN AT ETON: THE TRADITIONAL PROCESSION OF BOATS IN THE EVENING, WITH WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND.
Eton celebrated the Fourth of June with all the traditional functions and festivities. The Upper School occupied the morning, and in the afternoon three cricket matches were played between the school and the Eton Ramblers. The evening was devoted to the customary river carnival, watched by thousands of people assembled on the banks. The bells of the Curfew Tower of Windsor Castle were rung in honour of the occasion. Ten boats took part in the procession.

THE MOST INTERESTING NEWS BY ILLUSTRATION.



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE ERECTED ON THE COAST OF LANCASHIRE: A FILM SETTING FOR "THE BLUE PETER" ON THE SAND DUNES AT AINSDALE.
The Nigerian scenes for a new film adapted from Mr. Temple Thurston's play, "The Blue Peter," are being prepared at Ainsdale, near Southport. There, among the sandy dunes, has sprung up an exact representation of a West African village, with thirty kraals and a replica of a quays and its mine shaft. Mr. Matheson Lang takes the leading part as an English mining engineer.



A BELGRADE STUDENT HARANGUING THE CROWD: AN INCIDENT OF THE DEMONSTRATIONS THAT DEVELOPED INTO A STRUGGLE WITH THE POLICE.
The main object of the Prince's visit to Norway on May 20 was to open Eaton Park, a new pleasure ground of 60 acres laid out by the Corporation. The ceremony took place in what is known as the Amphitheatre. The Lord Mayor of Norwich (Alderman H. E. Witter) was in the chair. The Prince also laid the foundations of a new Masonic Temple, and visited a hospital, an electric power station, and homes for ex-servicemen. He returned to London by aeroplane.



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING EATON PARK AT NORWICH: MAKING HIS SPEECH IN THE AMPHITHEATRE, BESIDE THE LORD MAYOR.
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A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HISTORIC ALASKA-SPITZBERGEN FLIGHT: CAPTAIN WILKINS' MONOPLANE BEING DRAWN BY ESKIMO DOGS AT POINT BARROW BEFORE THE START.
The first 200-mile flight from Point Barrow, Alaska, over the Arctic Sea to Spitzbergen, was made in April by Captain G. H. Wilkins, the Australian aviator, and his pilot, Lieut. Carl Eshen. Their arrival in Spitzbergen was illustrated in our issue of May 26. Photographs have now reached Europe showing scenes at the start in Alaska. On May 30 the two aviators had a great reception in Berlin.



THE AIR MINISTRY'S AERIAL TOUR OF WESTERN SEAPLANE BASES: THE SHORT-CALCUTTA FLYING-BOAT, WITH SIR SAMUEL HOARE ON BOARD, OFF THE CORNISH COAST.
Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, recently made a two-days' tour of western seaplane bases—some 700 miles altogether—in the Air Ministry's new all-metal Short-Calcutta flying-boat, which holds fifteen passengers. He was accompanied by his wife, Lady Maud Hoare; Air-Marshal Sir John Higgins, and Lady Higgins. On May 29 they flew to the Channel Islands, and on the 30th to the Celtic Isles.



THE NEW ANREP MOSAIC PAVEMENT AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: A SECTION INCLUDING "LETTERS," REPRESENTED BY A CHILD'S SLATE WITH TITLES OF POPULAR BOOKS.
The first part of a mosaic, presented by Mr. Boris Anrep—presented by friends and admirers of his work—has just been completed in the West Vestibule of the National Gallery. The general subject is the relation of art to man's activities, and there are twelve geometrical panels, each with a design representing one of the Labours of Life. That of "Letters" takes the form of a child's slate bearing the titles of "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Treasure Island."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE COLORATION OF WHALES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee."

THE problem of animal coloration has always fascinated me. There be some, it is true, who will have it that there is no problem: that the coloration of animals has no significance. I am not of that number. As well might one say that the teeth and claws of the tiger or the beak and claws of the hawk have no meaning! Doubtless there are many birds and beasts whose coloration may be described as "neutral," inasmuch as we are unable, at present at any rate, to discover whether it in any way affects their well-being. But there are others whose appearance in a zoological garden at once arrests attention on account of the striking contrasts of colour which their bodies display. Now a vividly striped and now a spotted hide presents itself, instantly challenging attention. Some, like certain fishes, present a naked skin blazing with colour, and, moreover, changing from one hue to another with the most disconcerting swiftness.

Seek out these same creatures in their native wilds, and if they be *at rest*—a most important qualification—the coat of many colours will have lost its splendours. Conspicuous enough in artificial surroundings, they can now be discovered only by accident, so perfectly do they blend with their environment. A zebra in a paddock, a tiger in a cage, command the attention from the very obtrusiveness of their striped hides. Resting in long grass, they are invisible. Is it by a mere coincidence that the habit of resting in long grass should be accompanied by striped hides, which blend so harmoniously with that grass as to render these

I have recently had the good fortune to examine, in the flesh, an adult male of the Greenland white whale, or Beluga (Fig. 1), as well as heads of juveniles (Fig. 2), and they have furnished me with some very interesting information. Beluga, I should remark, is a native of Arctic seas, though it occasionally drifts as far south as our own shores. The earliest record of

Are these mere vagaries, mere idiosyncrasies of coloration, or have they any definite relation to the environment of these several creatures? The difficulties of arriving at any satisfactory explanation are many. The Chinese Lipotes of the Tung-ting lake is, as I have said, of a pale wood-brown colour; it is practically blind, and lives on fish. Living side by side



FIG. 1. A WHALE THAT SUPPLIES US WITH BOOTLACES: THE GREENLAND WHITE WHALE (BELUGA).

The Greenland white whale, Beluga, is the species which, with the narwhal, furnishes us with bootlaces. In no other whales is the hide of a texture suitable for dressing as leather. Unlike that of most of the Cetacea, the dorsal fin is represented only by a low ridge.

its occurrence in British waters dates as far back as 1793, when two young specimens were washed ashore in the Pentland Firth. Since then only six others have come to us. The most striking feature of this animal is its coloration, which, when fully adult, is of a uniform creamy white. This seems appropriate enough for a native of Arctic seas, till we reflect that it does not, like the Polar bear, stalk about on the snow. This, and the Chinese *Sotalia sinensis*, are the only wholly white whales; though some others, like the Chinese Lipotes and the South American *Pontoporia*, are of a pale buff-colour. If Beluga were the only cetacean of Arctic waters, we might suspect that his whiteness had some relation to his peculiar environment. But the gigantic Greenland right-whale is black, though, it is to be noted, it occasionally develops white patches.

More than this, however, the Beluga, when young, is black, or, at any rate, of a dark slate colour (Fig. 2). At what stage of its growth depigmentation takes place is at present unknown. What is more important is the discovery of the factors which have brought about the change. As a preliminary to this investigation it will be useful to review the coloration of the whale tribe in general. As a rule, these animals may be described as black as to their upper parts, and white as to the under-parts—as, for example, in the common porpoise and the rorquals. The common dolphin and the white-sided dolphin are similarly coloured, but with streaks of ochreous yellow on the flanks. The North American Cope's dolphin, of the genus *Prodelphinus*, is black spotted with white.

The white-beaked dolphin has, as its name implies, a white snout; the lesser rorqual has a conspicuous band of white across the flipper; while the enormous flipper of the hump-back whale is wholly white, save for a few "scribblings" of black. The Antarctic Commerson's dolphin is pure white save for the head, top of the back, dorsal fin, tail-flukes, flippers, and a large oval patch on the belly, which are black—a most remarkable coloration, and quite inexplicable. A tendency to whiteness with advancing age is seen in many species of whales. In Cuvier's beaked whale, for example, the adults have the head and fore-part of the body pure white. Not knowing this, I once mistook two of these animals which I saw at sea, off Wexford, for belugas, thinking that the black appearance of the hinder part of the body was an illusive effect of the sunlight. When, some years later, I had an opportunity of examining a freshly stranded specimen, I realised that this was the animal I had mistaken for a beluga! The bottle-nosed whale, *Hyperoodon*, in like manner with advancing years develops a white head and shoulders. That ferocious beast, the "killer-whale," has a large brownish-white patch above and behind the eye, and another at the top of the back, behind the dorsal fin.

with it is the little *Meomeris*, which is also practically blind, lives on small crustacea, and is of a uniform black! Of what advantage is it to the hump-back whale to have a white flipper, or to the lesser rorqual to have a white band across the flipper?

At the present moment we have no answer to these questions. But we are by no means justified in jumping to the conclusion that these very distinctive markings are meaningless. We must await a more intimate knowledge of these animals in relation to their environment. In regard to the depigmentation of Beluga it is worth noting that we have a parallel in that most interesting bird, the gannet. The



FIG. 2. A CONTRAST IN COLORATION TO THE ADULT OF THE SPECIES: THE HEAD OF A YOUNG BELUGA. The young Beluga contrasts strongly with the adult, the skin being of a dark slate-black. Another peculiarity of this species is the square shape of the tip of the jaws. It might well be called the "square-mouthed whale."

very solid bodies invisible? Why should they "happen" to have this type of coloration, and not hides of uniform hue, or spotted, or blotched?

Our answer is that these stripes have acquired a definite and vitally important function. It is not, however, this or any of the other accepted types of coloration—warning-coloration, mimicry, and so on—that I propose to discuss now, but cases which do not come within any of the recognised categories of coloration, cases which, at present, elude our powers of analysis. It would be easy to select them by the score, from groups of animals of all kinds; but it will be more profitable to keep to a single type, and no better could be found than the Cetacea.



FIG. 3. WITH TEETH WIDER APART THAN THOSE OF DOLPHINS AND PORPOISES: A BELUGA'S JAWS.

The teeth of Beluga are fairly large, but are placed much wider apart in the jaw than is usual in dolphins and porpoises, which, however, display a remarkable range in the number and size of the teeth, which are all alike in shape—mere "pegs."

downy nestling is pure white. The immature bird, in its first and several succeeding plumages, is black with white spots. The adult reverts to a pure white livery. Why? Why, again, is it that the whale tribe never develop patches of bright colour—red, blue, green, and so on? But they never do.

OUR MECHANICAL WORLD: PROGRESS IN THE AIR AND ON THE ROAD.



THE CALIFORNIA-TO-AUSTRALIA FLIGHT: THE MONOPLANE "SOUTHERN CROSS," THE CRAFT OF CAPTAIN CHARLES KINGSFORD-SMITH AND HIS THREE COMPANIONS. The "Southern Cross" arrived at Honolulu at 9.30 a.m. on June 1, having flown from Oakland, California, in 27 hours 27 minutes. Thus the first "hop" was one of 2400 miles. The next stage was from Honolulu to Barking Sand, Kauai Island (about 100 miles). Barking Sand was left at 5.20 a.m. on June 3, and a landing was made at Suva, Fiji Islands (about 3200 miles) at 2.21 p.m. on June 4. The distance from Suva to Brisbane is about 1550 miles.



THE MACHINE WHICH REMAINED IN THE AIR FOR 58 HOURS 37 MINUTES, AND SET UP A NEW DURATION RECORD: THE "SAVOIA MARCIETTO S.64" OF CAPTAIN FERRARIN AND MAJOR DEL PRETE.

On May 31, the Italian airmen Captain Ferrarin and Major del Prete, set out to beat the record for duration and distance flights within a prescribed course. They took the air at 5.15 in the morning on May 31, and remained up for 58 hours 37 minutes.



MOTOR-CYCLE RACING IN THE ISLE OF MAN: ALEC BENNETT, THE WINNER OF THE JUNIOR TOURIST TROPHY RACE, AT GOVERNOR'S BRIDGE.

The Junior Tourist Trophy Race over seven circuits of the mountain course in the Isle of Man—a distance of 264 miles, 300 yards—was won by Alec Bennett, of Southampton, at an average speed of almost 69 miles an hour. His best lap was at 70½ miles an hour. His total time was 3 hours 50 minutes and 56 seconds. Previously Bennett had won four Tourist Trophy Races and the Senior Trophy.



THE "BABY" CAR RIVALRY: THE NEW 7-H.P. MORRIS MINOR (WITH MR. MORRIS AT THE WHEEL)—CHALLENGED BY THE AUSTIN "7" AND THE CLYNO "9."

There is much interest in the rivalry between the "baby" cars. The Austin "Seven" is now challenged by the Morris Minor, which has a four-cylinder engine of seven nominal horse-power. And both the "Baby" Austin and the Morris Minor are challenged by a Clyno "Nine," which, it is said, is to cost not more than £115, and be capable of a speed of from 50 to 55 miles an hour.



A "NEW" TYPE OF MOTOR STREET-AMBULANCE ADOPTED IN BERLIN: THE THREE-WHEELED FIRST-AID CAR—WITH THE STRETCHER-COMPARTMENT CLOSED; AND OPEN, WITH A "CASE" UPON THE STRETCHER.

The motor-ambulance has, of course, been a long-familiar sight in many cities. Here we see it in its latest form. For all practical purposes, the photographs explain themselves, but it may be added that the contrivance is particularly well sprung, that vibration may be as little as

possible. First-aid requisites are carried in a special case slung round the driver's shoulders. The chief item of equipment is, it need hardly be pointed out, the stretcher. This is shown (with a patient on it) slung in the body of the car.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHILE pondering my initial move on the literary chessboard this week, I happened to notice that a tear-off calendar (entitled "Golden Thoughts") had got somewhat in arrears. Bringing it up to date, I discovered in the "golden thought" for the day a suitable gambit. "That is a good book," it informed me, "which is opened with expectation and closed with profit."

This association of ideas fits not inaptly the first work on my list—"THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD." By Count Corti. Translated from the German by Brian and Beatrix Lunn. Illustrated (Victor Gollancz, Ltd.; 2s.). The thoughts that built that "house" were very literally golden thoughts, and were concerned largely with profit and loss, but mostly with profit. We have here the story, as far as it can be told from outside, of the first sixty years (1770 to 1830) of the most amazing enterprise in the history of finance. For the House of Rothschild 1830 was "the year of its great crisis," a year of renewed revolution in France, with threats of another general war that might have involved them all in irretrievable ruin. We leave it here in the throes of that crisis. A second volume is promised, which will bring the narrative down to modern times.

Historians, the author observes, have strangely neglected the powerful Rothschild influence which "permeated the whole of the nineteenth century." The reason may have been the absence of material. Since the Great War, however, State records in various capitals have been laid bare for examination, and Count Corti has made a diligent use of all available data, amassing a vast store of miscellaneous evidence. "I found," he writes, "that references to the name of Rothschild in official documents and in books of memoirs were as common as they are rare in contemporary text-books. . . . The House of Rothschild, as will be readily understood, did not throw open its archives to my inspection, for its members are particularly careful in guarding their more important business secrets." But that fact had its advantages, as it left him a free hand.

The inmost history of great financial dealings—the secret schemes, the confidential talks—could only be revealed by the actual participants, and probably never are revealed. With this inevitable limitation, Count Corti's book casts a flood of new light on the externals of immense transactions, as well as on the characters of the Rothschilds themselves and of the rulers and statesmen with whom they dealt. It shows how the founder of the great Jewish firm, Meyer Amschel Rothschild, gradually emerged from a small money-changing business in Frankfurt to obtain a leading hand in the enormous monetary affairs of that royal usurer, Wilhelm, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who out-Shylocked Shylock, and also made huge profits by selling his Hessian mercenaries to foreign Powers. After the original Rothschild's death in 1812, his five sons established themselves in different cities—Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Paris, and Naples—and, by playing into each other's hands, developed the family fortunes to heights undreamt of by their father. They became the mainstay of Metternich in Austria, while, in London, Nathan Rothschild, the greatest genius of the five, was a tower of strength to the English Treasury. It was the Rothschilds who financed Wellington in the Peninsula, and they were at the back of the forces that ultimately destroyed Napoleon. The despised Jews of the Frankfurt ghetto had become the arbiters of Europe.

Almost a century later, skipping the period to be covered by Count Corti's second volume, we find an indication of the position occupied by the House of Rothschild to-day in "SPEECHES ON ZIONISM." By the Earl of Balfour. Edited by Israel Cohen. With a Foreword by Sir Herbert Samuel (Arrowsmith; 2s. 6d.). It was to the head of that House that the historic Balfour Declaration was first communicated. Writing to Lord Rothschild from the Foreign Office, on Nov. 2, 1917, Lord Balfour said: "I have much pleasure in conveying to you, on behalf of his Majesty's Government, the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations which has been submitted to, and approved by, the Cabinet," the gist of the document being that "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people."

There is a certain analogy between the secret operations of finance in war time, on the political side, and those of the "intelligence" department on the military side, for both are "subterranean," and both require the same qualities of astuteness and cunning. The spy's work also demands the highest courage, and its perils invest it with the glamour of romance. A succession of thrilling incidents in that most dangerous of all "dangerous trades," at

various periods of history, goes to the making of "SPIES." By Joseph Gollomb (Hutchinson; 18s.). A preliminary chapter on "the evolution of the spy" among the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians leads us on to tales of the Red Indians, the Napoleonic Wars, the American Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, and finally of the Great War. The story begins with Moses sending his spies into the Promised Land, and ends with the execution of the beautiful dancer, Mata Hari. The author has woven his composite tapestry of escapes and tragedies with great skill, and those who like authentic excitement will find it here in plenty. Some illustrations, especially portraits, would have enhanced the attractions of an entertaining book.

A greater than Mata Hari among the daughters of Terpsichore, who also came to a tragic end, more recently and in very different circumstances, has left behind her a unique book of self-revelation—"MY LIFE." By Isadora Duncan. Illustrated (Victor Gollancz; 15s.). This is the most fascinating autobiography that I have ever read. Its appeal lies not only in its absolute candour and the

planned—"My Two Years in Bolshevik Russia," an adventure on the threshold of which this posthumous volume ends.

Among many celebrities whom Isadora Duncan met, one or two provide links with another book emanating from the world of entertainment. Thus at crucial moments in her earlier life timely help came from chance encounters with Mrs. Patrick Campbell (in Kensington Gardens) and with Mr. Gordon Selfridge (in a Chicago store, which he was then managing). Though she was quite a stranger, he supplied her "on tick" with certain materials necessary to the fulfilment of a stage engagement that stood between her and starvation. Both these famous people figure also in a delightful book of theatrical reminiscences, one of the most amusing of its kind—namely, "ON THE STAGE." An Autobiography. By George Arliss. Illustrated (Murray; 16s.).

Describing events of 1899 (which included his wedding and acting at the Vaudeville) Mr. Arliss writes: "Then came my momentous association with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, momentous because it resulted in my going to America. . . . Just before a first performance Mrs. Campbell surprised me by telling me that she loved a first night. I have never known any other actor who approached a first night with pleasurable excitement. Personally I could pick out several tortures designed by the Spanish Inquisition to which I would rather be subjected."

Mr. Arliss has interesting memories of his most famous part, the Rajah in "The Green Goddess," and gives a happy character sketch of that scholarly critic, the late William Archer, who, as author of the play, tasted for the first time the sweets of popularity. It was as popular in London as it had been in New York, and Mr. Arliss found no difference between English and American audiences. In London, "American clubs and associations opened their arms to me, and welcomed me as one of the family. Gordon Selfridge . . . the man who 'put Oxford Street on the map' as a shopping centre, had an entire 'Green Goddess' window in our honour."

Humour yields to pathos in approaching a book that holds a place apart in the literature of the stage—"MEGGIE ALBANESI." By Her Mother. With many Portraits (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). The English theatre has suffered no sadder loss than the quenching of that young genius. As John Galsworthy writes: "She would have gone very far. Not often does Death so wastefully spill." And Barrie says: "I had an intense admiration for Meggie's work, and believe there were exceptional glories lying in front of her. That talk I was to have with her was to be about a part I expect I shall never write now." Many such tributes are quoted in this charming and intimate memoir, but most touching of all is that of the widowed mother herself—"It is the child we mourned, not the actress."

The life-story of a woman who entertained the public in a very different way and died full of years is told in "ANNIE OAKLEY." Woman at Arms. A Biography. By Courtney Ryler Cooper. Illustrated (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.). Perhaps some English readers will put, in another form, the question that many American boys asked of their fathers when they read her obituary—"Pop, who was Annie Oakley?" Let us take the answer from "A few words by Will Rogers" given by way of preface. "Annie Oakley, one of the finest and truest of American women . . . was the acknowledged headliner for years and years of the Great Buffalo Bill Show. . . . 'Little Miss Sure-Shot'—that was what they called her—was not only the greatest rifle shot for a woman that ever lived, but I doubt if her character could be matched outside of some Saint. . . . I have heard cowboys who had travelled with the Buffalo Bill Show speak of her in almost reverence." Such was Annie Oakley, a woman worth knowing through the pages of this racily-written book. It includes, of course, an account of the Show's historic visit to London, and royal interest taken by the Prince of Wales (King Edward) and Queen Victoria.

Two other notable books of American origin, which may be discussed later, are "THE WOMEN LINCOLN LOVED." By William E. Barton. Illustrated (Melrose; 21s.), and "THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN." Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By Lloyd Morris. Illustrated (Constable; 16s.). The title of this last book reminds me of Isadora Duncan's childhood recollections of an aunt with a beautiful voice, whose parents regarded the theatre as pertaining to the Devil. "I realise now (she writes) how her whole life was ruined by what would be difficult to explain nowadays—the Puritan spirit of America." C. E. B.



THE MODERNITY OF THE RULER OF JAPAN: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR HIROHITO WITH THE EMPRESS ON AN OCCASION OF CEREMONY.

astonishingly frank confession of her various love experiences (some of them, I should say, a little embarrassing to surviving lovers), but still more in its glowing enthusiasm for the best things in life and art, its broad sympathies, and its essential highmindedness. She writes, moreover, with singular charm and humour, and an entire absence of affectation.

Isadora Duncan, who hailed from California, was ever a rebel against convention; a natural pagan who "warmed both hands before the fire of life." In her early days



HONOURING THE CHINESE WHO FELL IN THE SERVICE OF BRITAIN DURING THE GREAT WAR: SIR CECIL CLEMENTI, GOVERNOR OF HONG-KONG, SPEAKING AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL.

The Memorial has been set up by the Imperial War Graves Commission.

of light-hearted struggle with adversity, she shows herself the perfect type of Bohemian. Later years, that brought her fame and success, brought also the greatest grief a woman can endure. The story of the death, by accident, of her two little children, and her strangely prophetic reading, just before, about the sorrows of Niobe, is one of heartrending poignancy. Everyone will regret that she herself did not live to write the second book she had

THE WORLD OF WOMEN: A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



THE WIFE OF GENERAL UMBERTO NOBILE, COMMANDER OF THE ITALIAN AIRSHIP "ITALIA": SIGNORA NOBILE WITH HER DAUGHTER.



MISS EVA TURNER.

The English soprano who sang the part of the Princess in "Turandot" at Covent Garden this week, thus making her first appearance on the historic stage. She comes from Lancashire.



MISS MARGHERITA SHERIDAN.

The Irish soprano who sang the part of Mimi in "La Bohème" at Covent Garden this week. She comes from Co. Mayo. Mimi, it will be recalled, was one of Mme. Melba's greatest and most popular rôles.



THE PROJECTED AEROPLANE FLIGHT TO INDIA AND BACK IN EIGHT DAYS: THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD WITH CAPTAIN C. D. BARNARD (RIGHT) AND MR. E. ALLIOTT ON THE DAY ON WHICH SHE PILOTTED THE MONOPLANE. A Fokker aeroplane, with Captain Barnard as chief pilot, and Mr. Alliott as second pilot, is to be used in an attempt to fly to India and back in eight days. It is more than likely that the Duchess of Bedford will be the passenger during the enterprise, and on June 2 she was in control of the machine for a while during trials in the air.



THE GOVERNOR OF ROME AND HIS DAUGHTER: PRINCE POTENZIANI AND DONNA MYRIAM POTENZIANI, WHO ARE VISITING LONDON.

The Governor of Rome is returning the visit of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to Rome last October, and was due in England on June 8. The King has arranged to receive Prince Potenziani on Monday, June 11, and the Prime Minister will receive him on the following day. There will be a State Banquet at the Guildhall on Monday.



THE WEDDING OF A WELL-KNOWN LADY GOLFER: MR. RAY ATHERTON AND MRS. ATHERTON (MISS MAUDE HUNNEWELL) AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The wedding of Mr. Ray Atherton, Counsellor of the United States Embassy, son of the late Mr. George Atherton, of Boston, U.S.A., and Miss Maude Hunnewell, daughter of the late Mr. Hollis Hunnewell, of Boston, and of Mrs. J. S. Tooker, of Brackenber, Sunningdale, Berkshire, took place at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on June 2. Sir Warren Fisher was the best man. A reception was held at 14, Prince's Gate, lent by the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Houghton.



THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

XV.—ROYAL MINIATURES, ONCE IN THE COLLECTION OF CHARLES I. AT WHITEHALL.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS OPPOSITE.)

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "Chats on Old Silver," "Old Sheffield Plate," etc.

MINIATURES must always be intimate. The art of the "limner," as the miniaturist was termed in Tudor and Stuart days, demands great delicacy. The word "miniature" is not found in early writers. It is Evelyn who writes in his Diary, "how he was called into the closet of Charles II. and saw Mr. Cooper the rare limner, crayoning of the King's face and head to make the stamps by for the new milled money now contriving." It is probably only the numismatist who recognises that a line of likenesses on the coins of the realm is a gallery of miniatures with profiles that perpetuate the personalities of the reigning monarchs.

Naturally, miniatures offer a brilliant portrait gallery of royal and noble persons and of distinguished men and women covering a long period. In troublous times they have been removed into safe custody, not so secure as was anticipated. The disappearance of certain well-known miniatures and their subsequent reappearance may not be so thrilling as that of some of the world's famous jewels, but there are romantic histories associated with many of these historic portraits.

As to glorious finds, the grandfather of the present Duke of Buccleuch determined to collect miniatures, and commissioned Mr. Dominic Colnaghi to purchase them. Quite by chance a stranger offered some "little pictures" he had bought with a job lot of silver. They turned out to be the lost miniatures from Whitehall, duly catalogued by the librarian of Charles I., and bore on their back a crown and the entwined "C.s." They are now among the priceless treasures of the celebrated Buccleuch Collection. It is, therefore, interesting to find that Messrs. Christie are offering on June 13 thirteen royal miniatures, ten of which were recorded in the catalogue of the collection of King Charles I. at Whitehall, and were taken to France by James II., together with some plate, when he left this country for St. Germain in 1688, and fled to the Court of Louis XIV. William of Orange had landed at Torbay on Nov. 5, whereupon the army and the people acclaimed the Protestant Prince, and James took flight on Dec. 23.

These English royal portraits deposited by James with Louis XIV. remained in the royal cabinet throughout the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Whether the French King loved miniatures more than he loved James II. we do not know. Possibly Louis XIV. may have held the view that, as James II. had lost his crown, the miniatures were not then his. It is more probable that James II. pawned them with the French King. At the time of the French Revolution they found their way back to England, and there is a complete record of them. In 1801 they were in the possession of the second Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, and then passed to James Edwards, the bibliophile of Pall Mall and the Manor House, Harrow. At his death they were "sold by Mr. Christie on 15th July, 1820, for two hundred and fifty guineas." They came forward again "by order of assignees" in 1827, and were bought for a hundred and forty guineas, on behalf of the Edwards family, by the Rev. Thomas Butt, of Kinnersley, Shropshire, who had married the widow of James Edwards. They were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in 1875, at the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1889, and again in the same gallery at the exhibition of "The Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland" in 1902, and are illustrated by Lord Ronald Gower in his "Great Historic Galleries of England."

A miniature of Queen Elizabeth by Nicholas Hilliard is recorded in Van der Dort's Catalogue of "Pictures and Works of Art" belonging to Charles I. This was "done by the old Hilliard and bought by the King of the young Hilliard." In regard to Queen Elizabeth, it is delightful to find her coming forward as an art critic. She allowed Nicholas Hilliard to execute her portrait "in small compasse in lymninge

and not otherwise." The flatness of some of her portraits is noticeable. Hilliard records his interview with Elizabeth. She observed that the Italians, "who had the name to be cunningest and to draw best, shadowed not," and asked him the reason for introducing shadows, "seeing that best to shewe one selfe nedeth no shadow of place, but rather the open light." Hilliard must have had an uneasy quarter of an hour attempting to explain the effects of chiaroscuro as coming from a small or high window. But Elizabeth evidently routed him in argument, for she chose to be painted "in the open ally of a goodly garden, where no tree was neere," and old Hilliard, becoming somewhat of a courtier, records that "this her Majestie's curiouse Demaund hath greatly bettered my jugment."

By the same portraitist is a Mary Queen of Scots, with a jet necklace bearing her monogram. This may be compared with the small miniature in the Royal Library at Windsor, as "supposed to be done

Henry Prince of Wales was the hope of the Puritans, and another later portrait by Oliver suggests the fine serenity associated with this Prince. It may be conjectured that the pages of English history would have been changed had he lived to come to the throne instead of Charles I. Sir Walter Raleigh, fourteen years imprisoned in the Tower, formed an intimacy with the young Prince Henry, and he hoped thereby to be released. But death cut short the Prince's blameless life. Isaac Oliver died in 1617, the year of Raleigh's execution, and his son Peter succeeded him. Here are miniatures of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and her husband, Duke of Simmern, afterwards King of Bohemia. She was the sister of Charles I., and was beloved by cavaliers as the "Queen of Hearts." It was Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador to Venice, who wrote a set of verses to her, "the eclipse and glory of her kind," set to music in 1624.

The history of Lady Arabella Stuart, the subject of another fine miniature by Oliver, is pathetic. She secretly married William Seymour. For this marriage she was imprisoned in the Tower, where she died in 1615, and she lies buried in Westminster Abbey. By affinity with Elizabeth and James I. she was too near the succession to the throne for her happiness. Descended from Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., of royal blood, she found difficulties in her suggested marriages. There were plots to put her on the English throne and supplant James.

All the above are indubitably from the royal collection of Charles I. Among other miniatures offered at the same sale are those of brother and sister—one, signed and dated 1649, of Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., who married the Duke of Orleans, the son of Louis XIII.; and a small enamel of Charles II. by Petitot. There is also another Petitot with a history, a small enamel portrait of James II., given by Cardinal York (who was styled Henry IX.) on his deathbed to an adherent. Two earlier royalties are represented, outside the royal set, but equally authenticated. There is a fine James I., which appears to be the work of the elder Oliver; and a very worthy example by Nicholas Hilliard of the Queen Consort of James I., Anne of Denmark. This, be it said, was purchased by the Rev. Thomas Butt at the sale in 1827 for £2 5s.!

It is proper that the giver of a feast should reserve some surprise for his guests, something more than a *pièce de résistance*. It should be so unexpected that it produces wonderment. Messrs. Christie magically offer such a dish. The exquisiteness of adoration could no further go than in the gold snuff-box which Louis Quinze presented to Madame de Pompadour. Its delicacy can never have been surpassed in craftsmanship. Its translucent enamel in blue and green is jewel-like in scintillation of colour. The lid, with its Boucher subject of Vulcan and Venus with attendant nymphs, is eclipsed by the opening of the lid, where the inside represents a portrait of the great enchantress herself, Madame de Pompadour, supported by a group of cupids and having on a tablet the following inscription—

En groupant ces Nymphes exquises,
Le pinceau composa la Cour
De la plus Belle des Marquises,
Royne par la Grace et l'Amour.

The box bears the Paris hall-mark for 1758, in original leather case. The box was purchased by the present owner from the widow of the late M. Zoubaroff, the famous Russian art collector. It requires no hall-marks. It tells its own story.

For so delightful a specimen of French art, hiding its greatness of technique, there is no exact price at auction that can be foretold. It is certain that no such piece will ever again be offered. There is only one Madame de Pompadour, and this glittering toy holds a mirror to the brilliant court "thronging the Ceil de Bœuf through," with Cardinals and the greatest blood of France casting "matters of state and of might" on the turn of a fan or the snap of the snuff-box of the Marquise de Pompadour.



"AN EXQUISITENESS IN BIJOUTERIE WHICH HAS BEEN RARELY EQUALLED AND CAN NEVER BE SURPASSED": AN INCOMPARABLE LOUIS XV. GOLD SNUFF-BOX, WITH A PORTRAIT OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR ENAMELLED INSIDE THE LID, AND OUTSIDE A BOUCHER SCENE OF VULCAN AND VENUS WITH NYMPHS AND CUPIDS. (DATED 1758.)

In a sale to be held at Christie's on June 13 will be included this most remarkable gold snuff-box with exquisite translucent blue and green enamels, in excellent preservation, and bearing the Paris hall-mark of 1758. It was given by Louis XV. to Madame de Pompadour, and the interior of the lid contains one of the finest portraits of her, with a quatrain of complimentary French verse. The outside of the lid is enamelled with a Boucher subject of Vulcan and Venus, with nymphs, cupids, and doves on clouds. "This box represents," writes Mr. Hayden, "an exquisiteness in bijouterie which has been rarely equalled and can never be surpassed. It holds a mirror to a phase of gallantry, and is a page of history."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

by the French Jennet, a French limner," or with three portraits in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. But there have been learned monographs written "Concerning the True Portraits of Mary Stuart," whose evanescent beauty seems to have been as much an enigma as was her character. This "Jennet" was the well-known Janet, otherwise François Clouet, Court Painter in France at the time of Queen Mary's betrothal to the Dauphin.

Isaac Oliver is represented by two portraits—Charles I. and his elder brother, both in boyhood.

CHARLES I.'S ROYAL MINIATURES; AND OTHERS: RARE AUCTION PRIZES.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



1. "LADY ARABELLA STUART."
By PETER OLIVER.



2. "CHARLES II.":
A SMALL ENAMEL
by PETITOT.



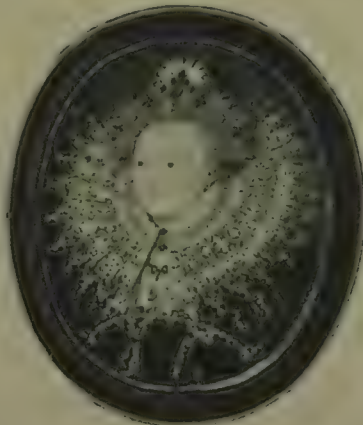
3. "JAMES II.":
A SMALL ENAMEL
by PETITOT
(Not from Charles I.'s
Collection.)



4. "MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS."
By NICHOLAS HILLIARD.



5. "HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES"
(ELDER SON OF JAMES I., AND
BROTHER OF CHARLES I.)
By ISAAC OLIVER.



6. "QUEEN ELIZABETH."
By NICHOLAS HILLIARD, WHO
RECORDS HER CRITICISMS.



7. "ELIZABETH, QUEEN
OF BOHEMIA" (SISTER OF
CHARLES I.)
By PETER OLIVER.



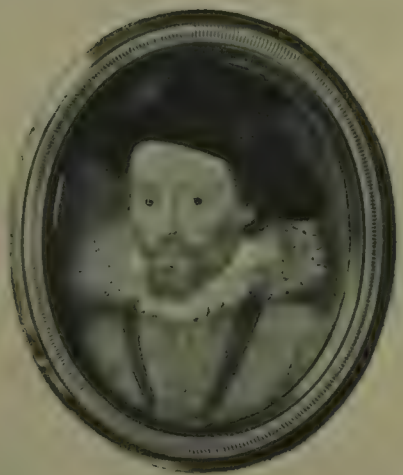
8. "LOUIS PHILIPPE, DUKE
OF SIMMERN" (AFTERWARDS
KING OF BOHEMIA).
By PETER OLIVER.



9. "HENRY, PRINCE
OF WALES"
(ELDER BROTHER OF
CHARLES I.)
By ISAAC OLIVER.



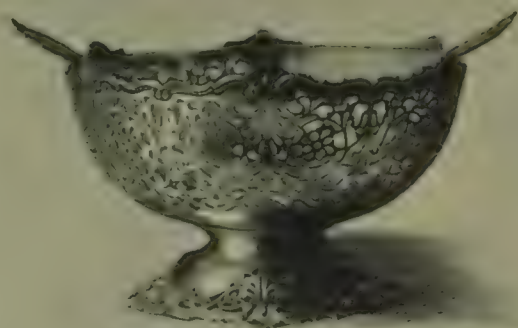
10. "CHARLES I.
AS A BOY."
By ISAAC OLIVER.



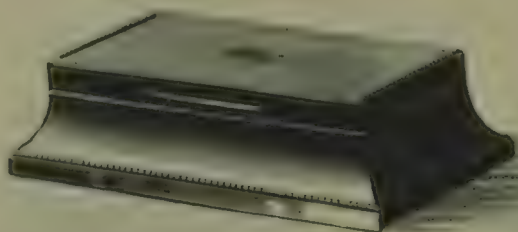
11. "JAMES I.":
ASCRIBED TO ISAAC OLIVER.
(Not from Charles I.'s Collection.)

These remarkably interesting royal miniature portraits of the Stuart period, which form the subject of Mr. Hayden's article on the opposite page, belong to a series to be sold at Christie's, on June 13, for the executors of the late Captain J. H. Edwards-Heathcote, of Betton Hall, Market Drayton. All but two of those illustrated above were in the collection of King Charles I. at Whitehall, and were taken to France by James II. when he went into exile in 1688. Mr. Hayden relates their subsequent history. The two exceptions, not from the royal collection, but afterwards in the possession of James Edwards along with the rest, are those numbered 3 and 11 in our illustrations. No. 3, a small enamel portrait of James II. by Petitot, "was presented to Mr. Edwards (says the sale catalogue) by Mr. Byers, who stated that he had received it from Cardinal York, on his death-bed." A note on the miniature shown in No. 1 above states: "Lady Arabella Stuart was the daughter of Charles Earl of Lennox and Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish. She married secretly William Seymour, afterwards Marquess of Hertford, for

which she was imprisoned at Lambeth and in the Tower, where she died on September 27, 1615. She was buried in Westminster Abbey." This unfortunate lady's troubles arose, as Mr. Hayden explains, from the fact that, "by affinity with Elizabeth and James I., she was too near the succession to the throne for her happiness. Descended from Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., of royal blood, she found difficulties in her suggested marriages. There were plots to put her on the English throne and supplant James." Particularly interesting are the two portraits (Nos. 5 and 9) by Isaac Oliver, of Henry, Prince of Wales, who was the elder son of James I., and would have been King of England but for his early death. Mr. Hayden recalls that he was "the hope of the Puritans," and points out "the fine sincerity" suggested in the upper portrait (No. 5). "It may be conjectured," he adds, "that the pages of English history would have been changed had he lived to come to the throne instead of Charles I. But death cut short the Prince's blameless life."



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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

The average American citizen, so persuasively eager to be a good fellow, suffers at the hands of Sinclair Lewis. "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" searches out and exposes his childishness. For, in effect, that is what the book reveals—the secret heart of a greedy, boastful, confiding child. He is not really grown-up: he is the Peter Pan of the modern world. He talks—heavens, how the man talks! And all about himself and his belongings. While he talks he is digging the biggest sand-castle on the shore, exactly like the next-door boy's except that it has to be bigger; and he is decorating it with the American flag. That his energy and his prattle and the transitory nature of sand-castles are making him a figure of fun to Mr. Sinclair Lewis and other adults does not enter his simple mind. You cannot help being sorry for Mr. Lowell Schmaltz, hundred-per-cent. American, of Zenith City in the Middle West. He would hate to be laughed at; and "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" is written to make you laugh at him. Perhaps he will never know, even if he reads the book. That is the best to be hoped for Mr. Schmaltz, whose innocent complacency it would be cruelty to disturb. Mr. Lewis's satirical humour lets you know that Lowell Schmaltz is a business friend of George Babbitt.

THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Sylvia Thompson does not say anything new about the American wife and the English husband. What she does say is vigorous; and "The Battle of the Horizons" is distinctly attractive. Because it deals with characters who conform to type, it unfolds no surprises. This is not a fault, unless dull mediocrity goes with it; the best stories in the world are the best known. Miss Thompson's work is not mediocre; on the contrary, it is stimulating. Familiar figures tread the dance of modern life, and with a vital energy. They are Athene of the United States and Geoffrey of the English county, and Denis, the literary man of the world, and other people we all know very well. The intricacies of the dance, we perceive, are modern, but the impulses that impel the dancers are as old as humanity. Miss Thompson is still didactic; but there is a sensible decrease of the youthful assertiveness that marred "The Hounds of Spring." In every respect "The Battle of the Horizons" is a more mature and more considerable book, that will enhance her reputation.

UNDER THE YEW. By ROBERT NICHOLS. (Secker; 5s. net.)

The marbled boards of "Under the Yew; or, The Gambler Transformed" conceal the delicate ingenuity of Mr. Robert Nichols. It is a demonstration of much-in-little—of scenic art, for one thing, compressed into the narrow limits of the moral tale. It wears the early nineteenth-century manner, but it wears it with an air. The gambler's ruin and remorse are accompanied by the beauties of nature, and emphasised by atmospheric effects. Mr. Nichols's literary grace is exhibited, and there is a haunting charm in the little book, notably in the setting of the gambler's downfall. A window is opened after a day and night of dissipation, and there is the sun shining on the Manor garden. "The air, unusually sweet, held a delicious freshness, as though tintured by the faint cold perfume of the first snowdrops nestling in an angle of the russet wall. . . . Beyond the meadow an eddy of rooks, thinning from the upper branches of the elms, slowly ascended into the windy spaces." The desperate young man, you see, possessed the sensibility of the man of letters. "Under the Yew" has a minute perfection. The Regency spendthrift is expressed, not as he could have set himself down in black and white, but as a poetic imagination has recalled him from the shades.

THE PLACE CALLED DAGON. By HERBERT GORMAN. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

The dry bones of the Salem witches rustle in "The Place Called Dagon." Herbert Gorman has made striking use of the isolation of a New England backwater. The book is a study of the lingering powers of fanaticism and credulity among a primitive people. It shows a New England that has nothing modern about it. Thunderstorms mutter and roll with uncanny significance; they are the thunderstorms of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The witches are not the pitiful victims of Cotton Mather and mass hysteria; and it is their witchcraft that survives. The story relates how young Mr. Dreeme, new to rural practice, suspected that Farmer Westcott and his neighbours were dabbling in black magic. Mystery hung over the Westcott place when the doctor was first called to it on a dark, rain-swept night. The local worthies were descended from the narrowest breed of the Puritans, and Westcott preyed upon their superstitions. He is an impressive figure of evil. Mr. Gorman writes with distinction, and with a feeling for the exact word and the apt phrase that ranges him in the school of Hawthorne and Washington Irving. "The Place Called Dagon" sweeps, with fire and blood, to a dramatic climax; and its force is sustained to the last.

THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The arrival of J. D. Beresford in the ranks of crime story-writers is significant. The thriller is no longer the prosperous vulgarian of the book world. It may be treated with distinction, and the characters necessary for a mystery plot are worthy of a more subtle analysis than they have received in the past. Mr. Beresford starts from that. "The Instrument of Destiny: A Detective Story" opens with the money motive, the commonest one in murder cases, and the most obvious. It is tightness of money among professional people who cannot afford to make economies, you will understand; not the pinch of destitution. How and why the tightness came to be is a matter of psychological cause and effect. The Fytton family are a typical upper middle-class lot. Their embarrassments are recognisable and familiar. The mystery hangs round the death of Grandfather, or Father, Fytton, who had a tired heart, and died at seventy-eight, but not as the family expected him to die. It is a remarkably good mystery. It keeps you guessing, but without distracting your attention from the idiosyncrasies of the Fyttons. People who enjoy the literary touch, lightly applied by the skilled artist to a popular subject, will revel in "The Instrument of Destiny."



"The Old Firm ... WHO GAVE THE WINNER LAST YEAR?—I DID—WHO GAVE THE ... They're off! ... here they come! ... round the bend ... Quick, the glasses! ... Red sleeves and white ... Hurr-aaaay! Twenty-five to one ... wish I'd had a fiver on it ... What was second? ... Two Worthingtons, please!"

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

OPERA AT THE COURT AND AT COVENT GARDEN.

MR. W. Johnstone-Douglas's Bristol Opera Company's season of opera in English has opened at the Court Theatre with Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," or, as it is called in this English version, "The School for Lovers." This venture is an interesting one, and, as everybody is anxious that we should build up the art of opera in this country, the present season will have the support of the whole of the Press. The season is to last until July 14, and for the last week the most successful operas of the season will be repeated. This is an interesting scheme, and I shall be curious to see what the public favours.

The production of "Cosi fan tutte" is practically the same as the experimental one given some time ago. Mr. Steuart Wilson is the Ferrando; Mr. Johnstone-Douglas the Guglielmo; and Mr. Arthur Cranmer the Don Alfonso. The women are Miss Louise Trenton (Fiordiligi), Dorothy D'Orsay (Dorabella), and Vivienne Chatterton (Despina). Mr. Adrian Boult conducts an efficient little orchestra. The performance showed that all concerned had put a great deal of hard work into the production. The ensembles were good, and Mr. Boult conducted with a vigorous and decisive beat. Unfortunately, however, this particular opera is of all others the least suited to an immature or inexperienced company of artists. It demands a degree of conventional stylistic virtuosity which none of these singers command, either as actors or as vocalists. This is not their fault, because this highly finished technique can only be acquired after long years of training in a good tradition. Here we have neither the tradition nor the opportunity of training.

Those who have seen "Cosi fan tutte" performed at Salzburg or Vienna or Munich by a first-rate cast, and have been to the present production at the Court Theatre, will have no difficulty in understanding what I mean when I say that, strictly speaking, what we are getting at the Court Theatre is a mere travesty of Mozart's opera. But those who have no such experience will perhaps enjoy

the performance, because nothing can take away from Mozart's genius all its power to please. Yet the more discriminating amateur or music-lover will be vaguely dissatisfied, and will go away with the feeling that the merits of "Cosi fan tutte," and of Mozart himself possibly, have been greatly exaggerated.

This is an unfortunate result, extremely unfortunate when the cause of opera itself by English artists is at stake. Every indifferent or mediocre performance of opera in English by English artists does harm to the cause, because it reinforces the idle opinion of the ordinary man that we are incapable of excelling in opera. No nation has excelled in opera except after a long apprenticeship, and, given that, we are as capable as the Germans, the Italians, and the French of producing a great operatic school in this country. Unfortunately, all the other countries got a great start on us by having gone through their terms of apprenticeship at the expense of the minor royalties and courts of Europe. We were not so lucky, and to-day, when it is so difficult to find money for any but purely industrial enterprises, we are unable to raise the funds for our apprenticeship. In the meantime there is an enormous public for opera, and it is sufficiently keen to support all kinds of enterprises, such as the present one at the Court Theatre, in spite of its inevitable disappointment at the results.

Some idea of the widespread interest in opera in this country can be got from the fact that, in a recent speech on the subject, Sir Hugh Allen, the Professor of Music at Oxford University, declared that there were more than two thousand amateur operatic societies in Great Britain. There is abundant raw material both as regards artists and audience, but this raw material can never be made the most of until we have a National Theatre and Opera House in London which shall serve as a permanent centre and school for the production of first-rate work. Sir Thomas Beecham would be well advised to drop his provincial schemes for the present, and to concentrate on getting a permanent home for opera in London. He can best effect this by co-operating with the National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Committee, and making a joint appeal to the public. It only needs efficient organising ability and energy to carry the whole scheme through.

At Covent Garden the German opera season has come to an end, and we have since had the three French operas which were included in this season's repertory. "Carmen," "Samson et Dalila," and "Louise" are all hackneyed works, and at least one of them, Saint-Saëns's opera, should by now be dropped finally out of the Covent Garden repertory. It is the world's "treacliest" opera—and that is saying a great deal. Nobody but Saint-Saëns ever invented this particular brand of syrupy music, and, applied to the rugged primitiveness of the Biblical story, it reaches the apex of the ludicrous. Never was there a more absurdly "operatic" sight than a French tenor acting Samson and singing the Biblical words—which in French always sound ridiculous to English ears—to their luscious, semi-Parisian melodies. The opera is a pure theatre piece, reeking with insincerity; and, although I have no wish to stand up for the Censor, yet there is no doubt that, during the many years before the war when this opera was banned, this censorship was serving the cause of music well under the mistaken notion that it was our morals which were being safeguarded.

In the matter of morals "Samson et Dalila" would not damage a fly; but aesthetically Saint-Saëns is an arch-sinner, a very diabolus among musicians, but not a seriously dangerous one, as the whole bag of tricks is too transparent to modern eyes to let us be taken in. "Louise," although no great catch from the purely musical point of view, is a far better entertainment. Bohemian Paris is more extensively and picturesquely rendered in "Louise" than in "La Bohème," or in any other opera, and the scene on the Butte of Montmartre is always unfailingly effective. On the other hand, the music has none of the graceful lyrical beauty of Puccini's opera, and it is as a spectacle and a drama rather than as an opera that "Louise" continues to hold its own.

"Carmen" is musically the best of these three operas; but so much depends upon Carmen herself that one needs a singer of special histrionic talent and great personality to play this part to its full effect. Mme. Frozier-Marrot is, as far as I know, a newcomer to Covent Garden, and she sang and acted with vivacity, although her dancing was a trifle statuesque, and consisted of little more than

(Continued overleaf.)



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Continued.]

a few elaborate poses. M. Annseu was the tenor, and he gave, as we have learned to expect from him, a sound, enjoyable performance. The choruses and ensembles were fair to moderate. The popularity of "Carmen" has, I feel, to a great extent waned. It does not touch the present generation at all, and musically it is too much of a piece with the drama to offer itself as a detachable enjoyment to the musician. It is odd how completely "Carmen" has dated—much more than Verdi, especially the Verdi of "Otello" and "Falstaff."

It will be a pleasure when we are in the Italian season, for it is surprising how much better the old Italian operas last than any but a few German operas. Even Puccini—whose "Madame Butterfly" was a failure at its first production in Milan, at La Scala in February 1904—looks like lasting longer than many musicians expected. The secret of Puccini lies in his extraordinary gift of melody. He is even more melodious than Verdi, although his melodies have not got as severe and strict an intellectual structure as Verdi's. They are more suave and feminine, and so they appeal more strongly to the present "feminine" world than the more peasant-like virility of Verdi.

"Madame Butterfly" is the only opera of the Italian season this year which has been performed at the time I am writing. It was a great pleasure to hear the more accomplished, freer Italian singing after the German and French operas. In Rosetta Pampanini, who was the Cio-Cio-San, the Covent Garden management have made a discovery. She has a beautiful voice, sings with great ease and expressiveness, and, in addition, she looks youthful, fresh, and charming. She was, on the whole, the most attractive Cio-Cio-San I have ever heard in "Butterfly." The Pinkerton of Dino Borgioli was also good, and Borgioli has a good presence as well as a good voice. Vincenzo Bellezza conducted, and the general level of performance was better than that of the French operas.

Puccini was an interesting example of the inheritability of musical talent. All his forebears up to his great-great-grandfather were musicians, and many of them were famous ones whose reputation was not merely local. There is no doubt that he is far the best Italian opera composer since Verdi, and it will be a long time before "Madame Butterfly" fails to hold the stage.

W. J. TURNER.

CHess.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

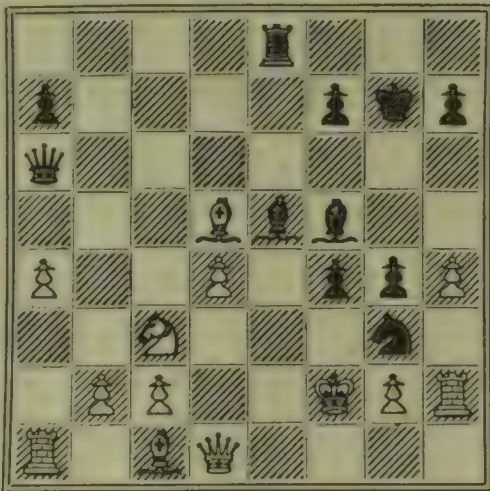
SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM NO. II.

[k1rb4; p3r3; Pp1Q1p2; 2PP2Q1; P6p; 1R4ktP; 2R3PK; 6B1.]

Dr. Alekhin, then a youth of twenty-five, was White, and the game went: 1. — PKt4; 2. P x P, KtK5; 3. PKt6, Kt x Q (if P x P, P x P wins); 4. P x Kt, R(K2)QB2; 5. PKt7ch, KKt1; 6. PQ71 QKt6ch; 7. KR1. In this truly extraordinary position, Black (Mr. Gofmeister, who was not Mr. Walter Hagen playing under an alias) thought resignation was called for, and we cannot find it in our heart to blame him. We have the temerity to question the Champion's opinion that 1. PKt4 was Black's best move, and think he might have done a little better with 1. — RK7 (threatening mate in two). Some very interesting variations are involved in this line of play, which we leave to those of our readers who are interested to work out for themselves. The position is analysed by Dr. Alekhin in "My Best Games of Chess," p. 120.

GAME PROBLEM NO. IV.

BLACK (11 pieces).



WHITE (13 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: 4r3; p4p; q7; 3Bbb2; P2P1ppP; 2kt3kt1; 1PP2KPR; R1BQ4.

White, a bold exploiter of the King's Gambit, has departed from the straight path to "bag" the QR. Nemesis always avenges such backslidings, and at this juncture presents the account. It is Black's turn to move; how does he conclude the entertainment? (The next four moves should be given.)

FURTHER SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM NO. I. received from F N (Vigo) and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth) (50%); and of Game Problem No. III. from F N (Vigo) (75%);

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4021 received from R E Broughall Woods (Kasempa); of No. 4024 from J S Almeida (Bombay), Cpl. Haughty (Dinapore), and Dr. Rufus Southworth (Ohio); of No. 4025 from Dr. R Southworth, Charles Willing (Philadelphia), Fr. Fix

(Birkenfeld), R B Cooke (Portland, Maine), C K Thomas (Ithaca, N.Y.), P Cooper (Clapham), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 4026 from C J Gregory (Davos-Platz), Senex (Darwen), C K Thomas, A Edmeston (Llandudno), Fr. Fix, P J Wood (Wakefield), L Homer (Toulon), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Rev. W Scott (Elgin); and of No. 4027 from T Glanville (London), P Cooper, J M K Lupton, F N (Vigo), L W Cafferata (Newark), P J Wood, E J Gibbs (London), J T Bridge (Colchester), E G B Barlow, Rev. L D Hildyard (Rowley), Rev. W Scott, Fr. Fix, W Cross (Barton-on-Humber), Senex, H Richards (Brighton), M Heath, C E G Mallinson, and C Stainer (London).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R B COOKE (Portland, Me.).—Your query is easily answered. Composers, quite naturally, save their best work for competitions; consequently the original works are found where the prizes are thickest! Perhaps later on we may in this way be able to set some of the moderns looking for the key of the "bottom drawer." Meanwhile we must do our best among the altruists, such as yourself.

EDWARD J BAIRD (Brooklyn, N.Y.).—We knew Mrs. Baird and frequently played "skittles" with her at the Pavilion, Brighton. Her game "over the board" was by no means up to the standard of her problem composition! We have handed your enquiry to Mr. Frank Hollings, Great Turnstile, Holborn, and you will no doubt hear from him in due course.

GEORGE PARBURY (Singapore).—Nothing has been altered, but the Forsyth notation has been added as a check against possible error, and for convenience of reference in comparing solutions. Kt and K are easily confused, and S (the initial of the very appropriate German name for the Knight—Springer) is commonly used all over the Continent.

T G COLLINGS (Manchester).—I said "mutate," not "motet."

Several correspondents have expressed surprise that two composers should hit on a practically identical position as exemplified in our column last week; but such duplications are quite natural in view of the thousands of problems that are composed yearly, and twenty years ago we find Mr. Taverner himself, in the *British Chess Magazine*, explaining this and warning the reckless against charges of plagiarism! He had innocently reproduced a three-er by Mr. B. G. Laws, and the apology produced a cutting from a Continental column anticipating both in a problem which was itself an improvement on an earlier setting! Mr. Boswell had not seen Mr. Taverner's problem till we drew his attention to the similarity.

We regret to find that, when illustrating some "Bearded Indians" of Bolivia in our issue of May 26, we omitted to mention that this primitive tribe—unique among American aborigines—had lately been introduced to the scientific world by Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill, the well-known ethnologist. Our limited space for a descriptive note was filled by a brief indication of their peculiar characteristics.

When illustrating, in our issue of May 26, a German newspaper's new system of distribution by aircraft, we omitted to mention the names of the photographers. One illustration, showing a squadron of aeroplanes leaving Berlin for the provinces with a consignment of newspapers, was supplied by "Wide World Photos." Another, showing packets of newspapers dropping from an aeroplane over a delivery centre, should have been credited to W. Opel-Film.

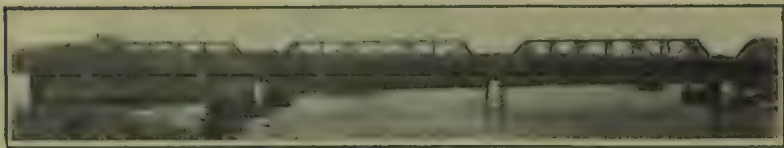
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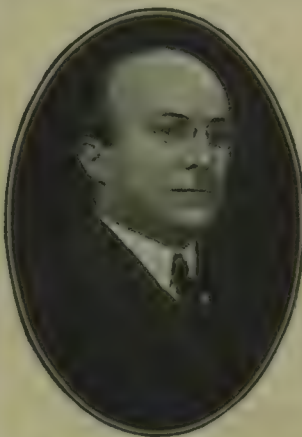
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Holiday Fashions.

So great has become the vogue for sports that the familiar "cotton holiday frocks" of our younger days are practically relegated to the limited moments between breakfast and the mid-morning bathe. More severe, tailored-looking suits are the favoured mode for the sea this year. Cardigan suits, for instance, in vivid yellow hopsack, with white, sleeveless silk jumpers; or some are made in a very fine canvas material which is exceedingly smart in white bordered with bright blue bands. These little coats are so light that the extra warmth is practically negligible, and they are worn open to display the monogrammed jumper. Mustard-yellow and bright royal blue are undoubtedly the smartest holiday colours this season. Scarves in white edged with the sailor's stripes in navy and embroidered at one corner with crossed anchors are used to give a nautical air to many crêpe-de-Chine jumper suits.

The New Tennis Boot.

Tennis shoes are becoming quite revolutionary this season. First we made the acquaintance of coloured kid shoes in bright blue or green, worn with socks topped to match, and now the tennis "ankle boot" has appeared. The top part is very short, and the sock turns down over it just above the ankle. For people with weak ankles, it is an excellent idea, but the majority of players will find it rather too hot for comfort. Socks, too become more daring every day, and are part of the regular tennis uniform this season. Instead of the plain white, however, or completed with discreetly coloured tops, the new ones are entirely in colour, a vivid splash of red or blue, worn beneath an open strap shoe, or one which is widely laced across the



These useful sports coats are made in the finest nappa leather, which is extraordinarily soft and supple, and weighs practically nothing. They are a speciality of Dunhill's, the well-known specialists in sports and motor equipment, whose salons are at Conduit Street, W.

no excuse for not looking spick and span in these days, for there is the splendid Achille Serre, service of dyeing and cleaning, which is quite moderate in price. They perform miracles in this sphere, and will transform completely not only coats and suits, but the most delicate lingerie and evening frocks; in fact, for all the occasions pictured at the top of this page. A booklet giving further details and the name of the nearest agent can be obtained on application to the head offices at Hackney Wick, E.C.

Yoru Crêpe Frocks for 42s.

At this time of year, the cool pretty house frocks made by Liberty, Regent Street, W., in their famous printed Yoru crêpe are excellent investments for every wardrobe. They cost only 42s. and are available in three different styles and in three sizes. There are many different colourings available, and patterns of these, together with a booklet illustrating the frocks in colour, may be obtained gratis and post free on request by all readers mentioning the name of this paper. Also illustrated in colour are charming afternoon frocks of hand-printed Tyrian silk, patterned in this firm's well-known artistic designs and colourings, and available for 94s. 6d.

For Furnishing Summer Bungalows.

Gay curtains and furniture covers which the sun will not harm are an essential part of every summer pied-à-terre. Nowhere is there a greater choice of suitable materials than amongst the Hamptons' "Sunland" fabrics, which are guaranteed unfadable. Actual patterns of these are included in this firm's catalogue, which will be sent post free.

foot like the old-fashioned bathing shoe. It seems very remarkable that the colour fashions in clothes can influence the rackets themselves, but it is an undoubted fact that nearly all this season's rackets are strung with light or dark blue, whereas last summer green was the coveted colour.

Summer Hats for Town and Country.

Coarse shiny straws, and straws worked in two-coloured checked designs, are very fashionable this summer. A shady hat illustrating this mode for boldly checked straw is pictured on the left of this page, carried out in blue and white, bound with blue felt. It is suitable for town and country, and the price is 47s. 6d. at Woodrow's, of 46, Piccadilly, W. Opposite is a smaller hat in felt decorated with motifs of pedal straw, available for 45s. There are attractive models in the newest straws, to be obtained in specially large fittings as well as in sizes for the shingled head. A wide-brimmed country hat in the fashionable "natural" woven straw, bound with petersham ribbon, can be secured for 25s.; and unspottable fur felts, which can be used for riding, are 35s., available in all neutral shades, including pinky-beige. An illustrated catalogue of summer modes can be obtained gratis and post free on request.

Motoring and Sports Coats.

Even in the summer time, soft leather and suede coats, which can be worn open and yet give protection where it is needed, are ideal for motoring or golfing by the sea. Dunhills, of Conduit Street, W., make a speciality of these sports coats, built of the most supple leathers which will withstand rain and hard wear. From there come the two coats pictured above, the long one of black nappa leather, and the other in navy-blue trimmed with checked cloth. Leather coats range from 9½ guineas and tweeds from 9 guineas. There is also a splendid collection of smart woollen sports jumpers ranging from 25s. upwards.

Old Clothes Made New. The recent burst of brilliant sunshine showed up ruthlessly the slightest shabbiness and faded colours of clothes that are not quite new. But even the woman with the most restricted dress allowance has

Illustrating the vogue for plaited straw in a checked design, which promises to be very fashionable this summer, is this attractive wide-brimmed hat trimmed with felt. It comes from Woodrow's, of 46, Piccadilly, W.

Hats are far more decorative this season, and the trimmings are very varied. Felt and straw are allied in many ways. For instance, amusing motifs of pedal straw are introduced in this shady felt hat from Woodrow's which is suitable for summer days in town and country.



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GERMANY—A HOLIDAY OF INFINITE VARIETY.

IT is easy enough to choose a holiday for yourself, but if you travel with friends or family you have to take their different views and inclinations into consideration. Germany, a country of infinite variety, is best suited to meet even the most divergent tastes. There you can enjoy whatever kind of holiday you like. If you want rest, quiet, and restoration to health, you will do best to choose one of the famous spas and watering-places in the mountains, in the great forests near the large towns, and at the seaside. The mountaineer will make for the Bavarian Alps, the Harz Mountains, the Riesengebirge Giant Mountains, the Black Forest, or Thuringia. All these districts are easily reached, and accommodation is excellent and cheap.

Germany's capital, Berlin, rivals Paris in respect of pleasures and *mondaine* life, and offers everything a world-city can give a visitor. The fine towns of Munich, Dresden, Leipzig, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, and Karlsruhe are rich in art. The painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the musician will obtain from these places innumerable impressions and inspirations. The towns of Nürnberg, Rothenburg, Dinkelsbühl, and Nördlingen are well known to English people, and their mediæval aspect attracts every year large numbers of travellers. The historian and admirer of the Middle Ages will find much of interest not only in their streets, but also all along the Rhine and throughout Southern Germany, where ancient castles tower high above towns and villages, their walls and ramparts expressing the spirit of those mediæval times more clearly than volumes in any museum in the world.

The sportsman will not be disappointed by a visit to Germany. Every town has its stadium or large sports ground, where young and old compete with an eagerness that will even astonish a visitor from sport-loving Britain. In the beautiful surroundings of Berlin, in the stadiums at Frankfurt, Dortmund, Nürnberg, Dresden, and all the rest, in the magnificent lake districts and forests of Northern and Middle Germany, flourishes an open-air life that is unrivalled in any other country.

The language difficulty is practically nil, as nearly everywhere hotel proprietors, waiters, and so on

know enough English to understand and meet the wishes of their British guests.

The German Railways Information Bureau in London will gladly assist intending travellers in every possible way. They keep at the disposal of the travelling public a large selection of interesting booklets on all parts of Germany. These are sent post free to applicants, and are a great help in planning out a trip. The address is the German Railways Information Bureau, 17c, Regent Street, W.

NEW LIGHT ON HOMERIC GREECE.

(Continued from Page 1078.)

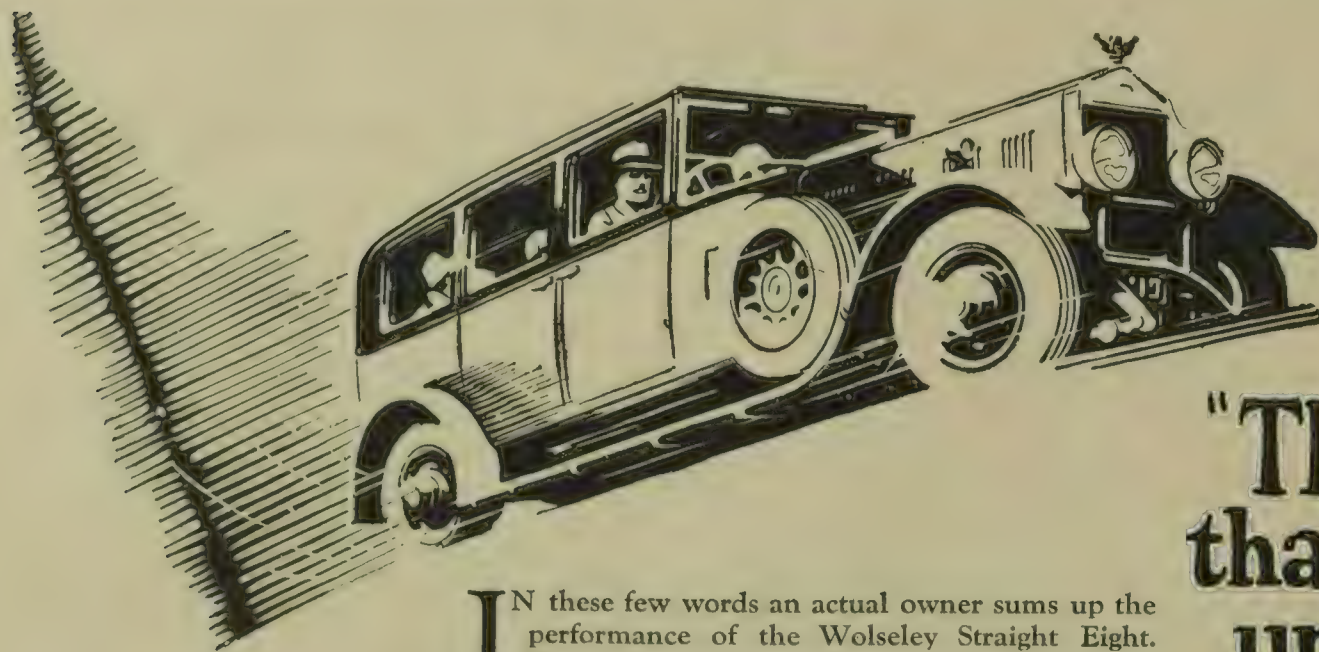
similar to that on a carved ivory mirror handle (B) from the Tomb of Clytemnestra at Mycenæ. In one of the lamps a large piece of textile is preserved (5a).

When the chamber was cleared a low hearth or altar, built of small stones and plaster, was found against the inner wall, on which were smoke marks and holes for the insertion of metal objects. On and around it were traces of charcoal, which was also found in great quantities on the left of the door, where there seems to have been another fire. The tomb yielded seven vessels of stone, three lamps of steatite, and four vases of alabaster, one perhaps Egyptian. There were several small objects of gold, some in the shape of shells with delicate filigree-work; quantities of embossed glass plaques of unusual size, several of which still retain a coating of thin gold leaf; a seal stone, many pieces of boar's tusk from a leather helmet, and a broken bronze sword with hundreds of small glass beads that had decorated its hilt. Thousands of other small glass beads of various colours lay close together in a mass, and were removed as they lay in great flakes of earth (6a). They show a bead pattern worked in colour, probably the remains of a beaded garment (6a). This is a new feature of Mycænæan art. One of the two pits in the floor was empty. The other held bones of animals, oxen, sheep, or goats, with a few small objects, a badly preserved silver cup, a seal-stone, an ivory flower, and a bronze sacrificial knife.

Most surprising of all, no human bones of any kind were found in the tomb, and this presents a problem. Here is a tomb, large and well furnished,

but apparently a cenotaph only. The explanation is to be sought in some worked fragments of soft stone found among the débris which covered the floor. These, fifty in all, were carefully numbered and removed from the chamber, and, after forming a gigantic puzzle for the excavators, who spent many hours in endeavouring to fit them together, proved to make up four separate slabs. The first, about six feet long by three feet wide, has square sinkings at each corner within a raised edge, and seems to have been a table for sacrifices (4a), since there is a notch on each side to bind the victim in place. The sinkings in the corners would collect the blood, and in one there is a stain as if of clotted gore. The second, somewhat smaller, is smooth on one side, and has a number of cup marks scattered all over the other. The last two (3a), the largest of which is nearly four feet long by two broad, have small head-like projections at one end, and cup marks and grooves which call to mind the cresset or menhir stones of Nordic religions, while in shape they resemble some Trojan idols.

Their presence in the tomb—for we must regard this as a tomb of about 1300 B.C.—and some Homeric references suggest a reasonable explanation for the absence of human remains. Athena, when Tele-machus departs in search of his father, tells him to raise up a mound for him, if dead, and to make the proper offerings. Achilles built such a cenotaph for Patroclus at Troy, and Menelaus for Agamemnon in Egypt. In the Odyssey, when Odysseus (Ulysses) goes to the Underworld, he entices the shades by the blood of the victims he sacrifices. If, then, this tomb was made for some great man who had perished at sea or abroad, his relatives would wish to call home his wandering and restless spirit, so that it should be at peace and not harm them, and they not be blamed for failing to pay due rites to the dead, and also that the dead hero might be at hand to help in time of danger. Thus they would have made a tomb better than the ordinary, and have furnished it richly with all that would make the soul feel at home. Then, as the soul could not rest while the body was unburied, the menhir stones in rough human shape would suggest the lost body, and the sacrifices would call the spirit to rest in comfort in its own land and among its own kin surrounded with all proper rites and honours.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BIG CAR.

ALTHOUGH it may not strike the majority of those interested in owning and driving cars, one of the most remarkable features in the evolution of the automobile during the past fifteen years is the reduction in price of the type of car which most of us have always known as the "big and expensive." I say the majority, because to-day most owners have cars which are neither big nor expensive, and also because so much fruitful attention is being paid to developing the small, efficient, and moderate-priced car. Still, for the minority—those of us who do like things to be of a good size, whether it is economically sensible or not—it is pleasant to reflect how successfully our preferences are being met.

£1800 for £900.

Before the war we used to pay large prices for large cars, and still larger ones for really fast cars. Sixty miles an hour, accommodation for six, complete with all the gadgets necessary to one's comfort, coachwork built by a reputable firm, comfortably upholstered, and so forth, always meant well over £1000, and in some cases £1500 or £1800. The same category of car, improved out of all recognition, can be had for well under £1000 to-day. Our big and expensive cars are practically as big—or at all events in most cases they are—but they are not nearly so expensive.

That class which is priced at between £700 and £900 is one of the most interesting of all. If you draw your cheque for any sum between these two limits you will get real comfort, a surprising degree of silence and smoothness of running, and all the speed you can possibly make use of in three hundred and sixty-four days out of the three hundred and sixty-five. All the things, in fact, which were rare and

very dear ones you come across instances where the car is most obviously not worth the large sums you have to pay for it. In the £700 and £900 class I believe the standard is more closely adhered to than in any other.

A Good Example. correspondents and

This category of car interests me a good deal, as I find from talk among my friends and acquaintances that it enjoys a very steady popularity. The competition is undoubtedly keen, and although makers do not cut their own throats with five-pound notes, as the saying is, they cannot afford to price them any higher than strict necessity allows. From time to time I hope to report on some of these seven to nine hundred pounders, beginning to-day with the "Super Six" Crossley.

This car is largely a hotted-up edition of the standard six-cylinder 20.9-h.p. I am informed that the changes which are most likely to interest the customer are the fitting of a higher gear-ratio and of another type of carburettor. The latter is set in the centre of the inlet manifold, and not, as before, at the rear end of it. The bore and stroke of the engine are 75 by 120, implying a cubic capacity of a little over three litres and an annual tax of £21. Push-rods and rockers operate the overhead

valves, the crank-shaft is carried in four bearings, and the inlet-pipe is exhaust-heated. In most other respects there is no departure from ordinary practice. I was much taken with the generous size of the crank-case, oil-filler, and breather, which has an

(Continued overleaf.)



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE 20.9-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER CROSSLEY—A MODEL WITH A BLACK FABRIC SALOON BODY BY FREESTONE AND WEBB, AND PRIMROSE-COLOURED WHEELS.

Coloured wheels are becoming exceedingly popular on certain types of high-class coachwork. The above photograph is of a 20.9-h.p. Crossley six-cylinder chassis fitted with a black fabric body by Freestone and Webb, Ltd. The wheels are pale primrose, and the effect is very pleasing.

costly fifteen years ago are to be had for half the money to-day. In other price classes you cannot always be quite so certain of getting exactly what you expect. In the cheaper cars you often have to sacrifice one quality in order to obtain another, and in the



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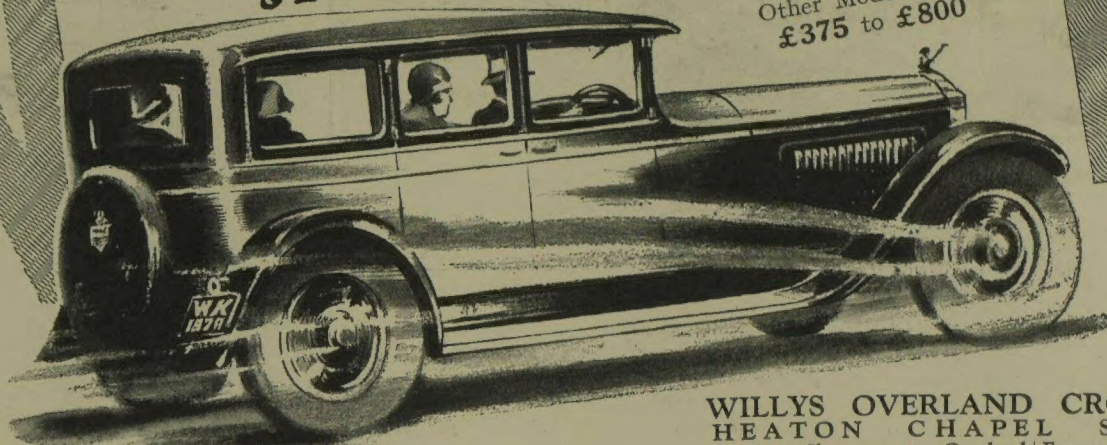
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Have you tried coasting down an easy gradient on your present car—with gear in neutral? Would you not like to ride like that—always? Then try the Willys-Knight. It climbs with a smoothness and lack of effort comparable only with free coasting on other cars. Its sleeve-valve six-cylinder engine has seven bearings—smoothness added to smoothness. Never a vibration, never a sound to disturb you—up hill or down dale. Get to know the Willys-Knight to-day—get to know these hitherto unknown delights of motoring. Write for our explanatory brochure.

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Seat Leverrolled back, facilitating driver's exit on off side.

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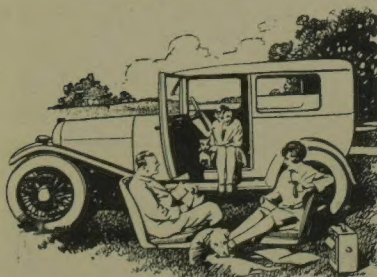
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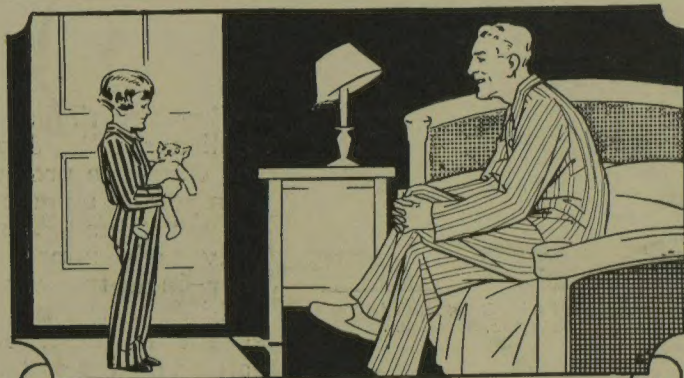
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big brothers & men!**

Continued.

opening of something like six inches diameter. The filter for this cannot be removed unless the whole of the filler itself is dismantled—an excellent precaution. The inexperienced motorist is very apt, in his impatience at the leisurely manner in which oil on a cold day transfers itself from its tin to a filler, to take out the filter in order to accelerate matters.

Fine Finish.

Ignition is by magneto, which is now rather an uncommon feature in a six-cylinder engine. The general finish of the Crossley engine is unusually good, polished aluminium being used where most people are content with plain sheet metal. It is an engine which should shame the most untidy owner-driver into keeping it spotlessly clean.

The four-speed gear-box has right-hand control, and the top-gear ratio is a little higher than $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. I like the Crossley gear-box a good deal. The flexibility on top is quite unusual, as also is the pick-up from something like four miles an hour. From what I can remember of the last Crossley I drove, that change of carburettors has worked wonders. Without pressing in any way, I drove the car, which had a large fabric-covered saloon body, up the "test" hill in Richmond Park on top speed at a minimum of twenty-five miles an hour. The gears are fairly quiet in operation, and changing is very easy.

A little over fifty miles an hour is attainable on third speed, and I should imagine that about sixty-five miles an hour could be reached on top speed by the averagely experienced driver. The principal

charm of the car's performance is the great smoothness of the pick-up. When you depress the accelerator pedal only a little the car seems to swoop forward without any effort and without any noise. The engine at low speeds runs extremely quietly, and at high makes nothing but a healthy and quite moderate whirr. The steering is excellent, light, and steady.

The bodywork is extremely smart. The two front seats are mounted on Leveroll runners, as all front seats should be. The general finish of the car inside and out is excellent, the instrument-board and the dash being specially attractive. As a comfortable closed car with a really good performance I thought the Crossley good value at £795. This figure includes dipping headlights, a spot-light, and a luggage trunk.

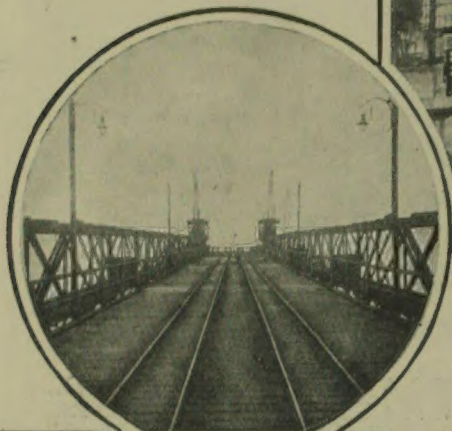
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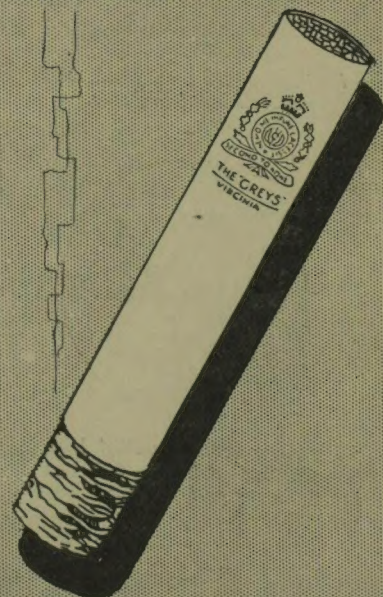
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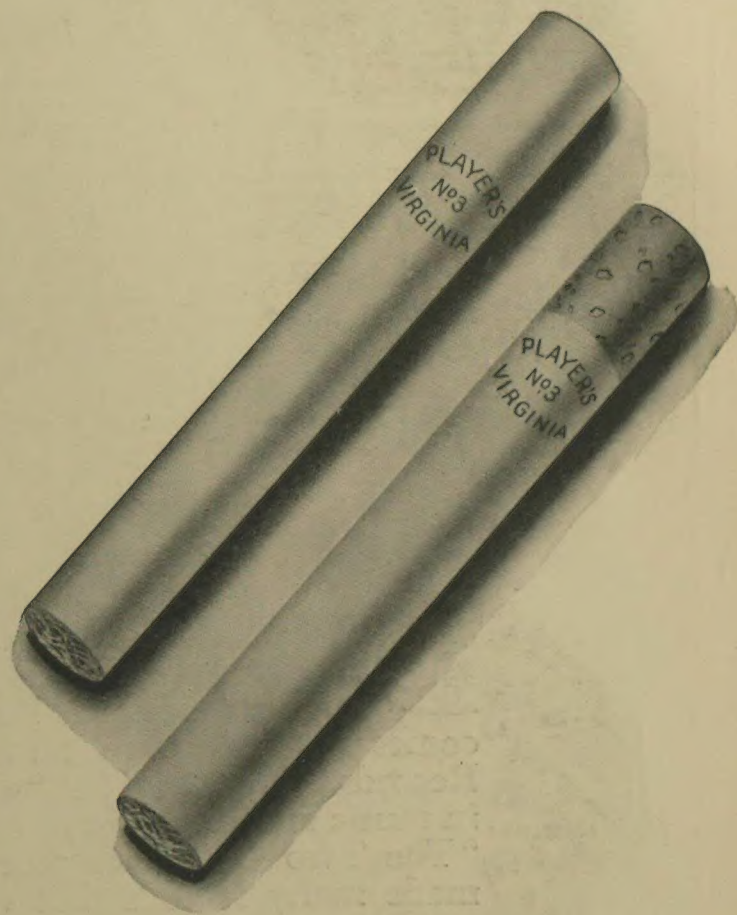
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